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Describing his win, with a Guinness in hand,

The rider, who's still full of beans,

Says he won by a head, and we all understand

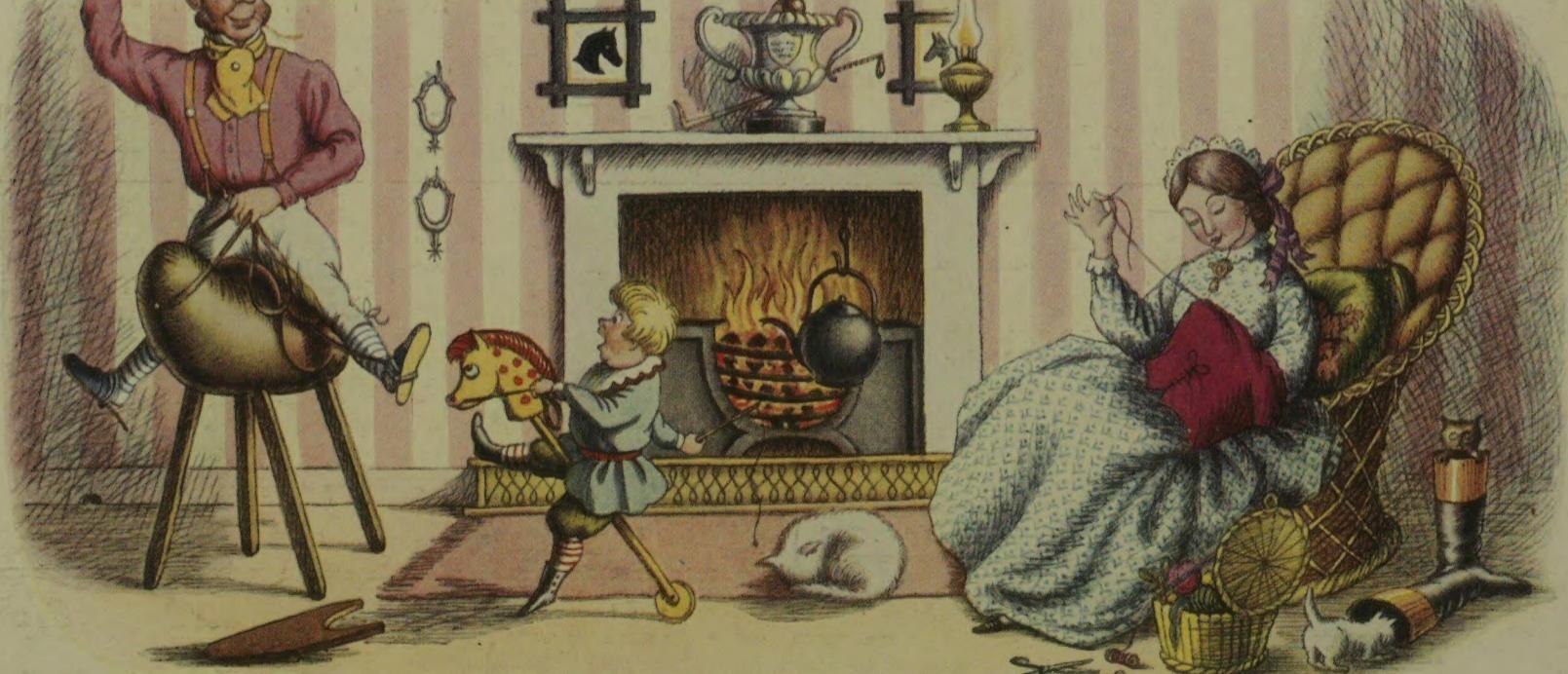
It's the head of a Guinness he means.

But later, recalling that glorious day,

He'll describe how he won by a length.

If you ask him how long that may be, he will say—

"As long as I've Guinness for strength."



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1950.



THE REPRESENTATIVE OF OUR FRIENDS ACROSS THE CHANNEL: M. VINCENT AURIOL, PRESIDENT OF THE FOURTH FRENCH REPUBLIC, WHOSE VISIT WAS WELCOMED BY THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

Owing to the war, it is now eleven years since the people of Britain have had an opportunity of expressing the warmth of their affection for the people of France by welcoming the President of the French Republic. In March, 1939, President and Mme. Lebrun were the guests of their Majesties at Buckingham Palace; and

now M. Auriol, President of the French Republic since January, 1947, and Mme. Auriol have been invited to pay a State visit to the King and Queen. At the time of writing, the final details for the reception of the President and Mme. Auriol, due to arrive on March 7, have been completed.

Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.



MONSIEUR AND MADAME AURIOL WITH THEIR TWO GRANDSONS, JEAN-CLAUDE AND JEAN-PAUL, THE CHILDREN OF THE PRESIDENT'S SON: IN THE GARDEN OF THE ELYSÉE PALACE.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC WITH MME. AURIOL AT THE ELYSÉE. MME. AURIOL, WHO IS WELL KNOWN FOR HER ELEGANCE, WAS, BEFORE HER MARRIAGE, Mlle. MICHELE AUCOUTURIER.



M. AURIOL AT VERSAILLES, IN THE NEWLY REFURBISHED CHAMBER OF QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE. HE IS EXAMINING A PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN BY MME. VIGÉE LE BRUN.



AT AN OFFICIAL RECEPTION AT THE ELYSÉE PALACE: M. AURIOL (SITTING ON A SOFA, LEFT) LISTENING TO M. BIDAULT, THE FRENCH PREMIER.



THE ELYSÉE IS THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC; AND HERE M. VINCENT AURIOL AND HIS WIFE ARE SEEN IN THE LIBRARY. THE ELYSÉE WAS ONCE OCCUPIED BY MME. DE POMPADOUR.



M. AURIOL AT WORK: THE PRESIDENT IN HIS STUDY IN THE ELYSÉE PALACE DICTATING NOTES ON HIS MAIL TO A YOUNG SECRETARY. THE PRESIDENT IS AN EARLY RISER AND DURING THE WEEK IS AT HIS DESK BY 6.30 A.M.



ANOTHER STUDY PICTURE OF THE PRESIDENT: M. AURIOL RECEIVING THE MORNING PAPERS FROM HIS SON, M. PAUL AURIOL, WHO IS THE FATHER OF THE TWO BOYS IN THE TOP-LEFT PICTURE.

*Continued.]*  
the President and Mme. Auriol are the proud grandparents of two boys, Jean-Claude and Jean-Paul Auriol. We show the President with his two grandsons on this page, in one of the few domestic pictures of the President's family to be published. M. Auriol holding that the privacy of the domestic life is something to be guarded, rather than publicised. He was educated at Toulouse and became a Doctor of Law at the University there. He was elected Deputy for Haute-Garonne in April, 1914, and has been continuously re-elected since.

THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE AT HOME AND AT WORK: MONSIEUR AURIOL AND HIS WIFE AND FAMILY.

FISHING AS A  
RELAXATION FROM  
STATE AFFAIRS:  
THE PRESIDENT OF  
FRANCE  
IN THE COUNTRY.

ON the facing page we illustrate some aspects of M. Auriol's public and family life, here we show another of his interests—reserved for moments of relaxation from the affairs of State. For President Auriol the day begins at 6 a.m., whether in Paris or at his country residence. By 6.30 a.m. he is engaged in studying State documents and reports and from 9 a.m. onwards his time is devoted to meetings of the Council of Ministers, of the Supreme Council of Justice and of the Supreme Council of Defence, over all of which he presides. During the day he grants audiences to French diplomatic representatives, and to Prefects from the various *departments*. The President also receives distinguished visitors belonging to all sections of national and international life. At week-ends the President usually leaves the Elysée Palace for his five-roomed country house and shooting-lodge at Marly, six miles from Paris. There he spends his mornings going over the batch of reports he brings with him from Paris, and in the afternoon goes shooting for a few hours. His other favourite sport is fishing—he prefers spinning for fish to fly-fishing, and even has the necessary patience for an afternoon's float-fishing.

(RIGHT.) WAITING FOR A BITE: M. VINCENT AURIOL, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, ENJOYING SOME COARSE-FISHING AS A RELAXATION FROM HIS OFFICIAL DUTIES.



A PRESIDENT'S PATIENCE REWARDED: M. VINCENT AURIOL LANDING A COARSE FISH DURING AN AFTERNOON'S FLOAT-FISHING IN A REED-FRINGED LAKE IN THE COUNTRY.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

BUT for the newspapers and the B.B.C., anyone before the day of poll not actively engaged in electioneering could hardly have supposed that an election was taking place. There was no sign of it in the streets. It was the quietest General Election of my lifetime, possibly of the last two hundred years. Polling-day itself was as peaceful and outwardly uneventful as a Sunday in Hereford; when I visited the polling-booth there was a dog barking and a few people talking outside, and a number of verger-like officials within, but that was all: that and the candidates' names, without any indication of their viewpoints, allegiances or affiliations, printed on an official piece of paper. I respectfully inserted an austere cross in the appropriate square, dropped it, like an oblation, into the decent box provided by the parish, and tiptoed out. The State had been duly and devoutly worshipped. I never realised till that moment how completely the Fabian dream had been realised. Eatanswill was far away, apparently in another century. The grey Utilitarians had triumphed.

That night, however, and the next day, brought a surprise. As a sporting event, the announcement of the polls was incomparable, and much more exciting than any Grand National. I had meant to listen till midnight and then, like a sensible citizen with work to do, go to bed and read the results in the morning papers. I reckoned that the first hour would show clearly how the election was going, as happened in 1931, 1935 and 1945. The first few announcements seemed to confirm this supposition. The Salfords—two now, instead of the familiar three—suggested, with their usual promptitude, that Labour was likely to win the Election and by a reduced, though solid, majority. The landslide hopefully predicted by the Opposition Press had obviously not occurred; the Government's unbroken by-election record had apparently been the index it had seemed reasonable to suppose it. As in 1910 and 1935, the high tide of a great preceding victory had receded a little, but it had not receded far enough. Labour was going to receive another five-years mandate: the process of national re-education that follows every election was not yet complete.

But by midnight I was not sure. Had I been in some public place watching the results on a screen or a tape, I should have seen nothing but the fast-mounting Labour score and the Conservative total getting steadily further behind, as in 1945. But I was by myself, with a complete list of constituencies before me, the figures of the last Election, the subsequent boundary revisions, paper and pencil, and the opportunity to indulge in a little arithmetic. And two things were becoming clear. The Socialists were standing fast in their strongholds—the T.U.C.'s barons' castles of the industrial North and Midlands and the London working-class constituencies. Yet the Conservatives were gaining substantially in the dormitory and rural areas. And though there were only a few of the last announced on Thursday night, there were enough to show that the Tories were fighting back, and that the announcement of the morrow's poll might be very different. Fascinated by the drama of it, I sat up with my coloured pencils until the B.B.C. closed down at four o'clock. During most of that time the results came in so fast and furious that I was forced to abandon the work I had been doing in order to keep pace with the announcements. Even on the rare occasions when the rather irrelevant music provided by the B.B.C. could be heard, it was too much like a game of musical chairs to allow of any other thought or activity. One waited, anxiously, with pointed ears, for the next break.

On Friday morning the Socialists began the day with a lead of sixty. But if the trend in the dormitory and rural constituencies shown in the previous night's results was to be reflected again, I knew that that lead was shortly and dramatically going to be reduced. By mid-day the process had begun; by lunchtime it was pronounced; by the middle afternoon it had become a gallop. The "vermin," it seemed, inspired

killed on both sides. By three o'clock, or soon after, it was clear that Labour was going to gain, not the working majority it had anticipated, but one so small as to be unworkable; by four o'clock, after estimating from the trends so far shown, the results in the constituencies still remaining to be announced, I was able to calculate Monday's final figure as a probable Socialist majority of seven. This prediction was exactly fulfilled, for, though I was wrong over the results of four closely contested Scottish, Gloucestershire and Welsh seats, my miscalculations cancelled one another out.

Apart from the slightly ludicrous indignation with which each Party assailed the eminent popular broadcaster who engaged in the fight on the other side, the most curious feature of the Election was the Liberal vote. This both the main Parties claim to have been the cause of their failure to win a majority, though on the face of it—since the Liberals were demanding, like the Conservatives, drastic public economy, more houses and a cessation of nationalisation—one would have thought that their intervention was more damaging to Tory than to Socialist hopes. But whether this was so or not, 2,500,000 electors—or nearly twice as many as in 1935—voted Liberal: a number which, if popular opinion was reflected by Parliamentary representation would entitle them to about sixty seats in the House. As it seems probable that a good many Liberals, out of dislike for Socialism, voted Tory in order to get the Socialists out, Liberalism appears to be a considerable force, even if at present an impotent one. Indeed, it looks, from the increase in the Liberal poll since 1935, as though a large number of younger electors must be voting Liberal, not so much, one suspects, out of any enthusiasm for the Liberal programme—Free Trade seems about as relevant under present international economic circumstances as the Divine Right of Kings or the Solemn League and Covenant—as out of a sense that something more generous, catholic and constructive is needed to revivify and unite Britain than either of the dominant parties at present seems to offer.

Yet the electoral answer plainly lies in other than Liberal hands. Britain may still be at heart a liberal country, and its future may take the form of some creative restatement of liberalism in its broad sense. But it is a country whose parliamentary constitution is based on a two-party system, and unless Parliament chooses to reform that constitution, no third minority party can ever hope to receive an adequate representation. Because of the stubborn and apparently ineradicable liberal spirit in the country, Britain's present electoral division into rival classes, each nursing bitter grievances and memories, seems most likely to be resolved when one Party or the other renounces class interest and sympathy and raises the historic banner of liberal idealism which Professor Butterfield has indicated as the main stream of British history. One of the reasons, I suspect, why the Liberal Party vote was so much smaller in 1935 than in 1950 was that the then leader of the Conservative Party, Stanley

Baldwin, had won the confidence of liberal-minded men of all classes. They did not need to vote Liberal, since they felt, rightly or wrongly, that any Party he led must inevitably embody their ideals. Sooner or later a Conservative or Labour leader will arise who will enlist the liberal sentiment of the country solidly behind him. When that day comes, we shall see a breach made such as Baldwin made in the solid Labour polls of the industrial North, or the Socialists fortuitously made in 1945 in the Conservative polls of the middle-class and rural South. We shall also see the beginning of a new age.



THE BRILLIANT ATOMIC SCIENTIST WHO ABUSED THE PRIVILEGE OF ASYLUM AND BETRAYED THE HOSPITALITY AND PROTECTION GIVEN TO HIM WITH A TREACHERY WHICH WAS ONLY THINLY DIFFERENTIATED FROM HIGH TREASON: KLAUS EMIL JULIUS FUCHS, WHO WAS SENTENCED TO FOURTEEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT ON MARCH 1. On March 1 Klaus Emil Julius Fuchs, a thirty-eight-year-old German-born British subject, who until his arrest on February 2 had been head of the Theoretical Physics Division of the atomic energy establishment at Harwell and who during the war was one of the chief members of the British Atomic Energy Mission working in America on the innermost secrets of the atomic bomb, was tried at the Central Criminal Court before the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Goddard, on four counts of communicating atomic research information to the Russians through an unnamed intermediary or intermediaries. He pleaded "Guilty" and was sentenced to the maximum punishment, fourteen years' imprisonment. In passing sentence Lord Goddard commented on the four gravest aspects of the crime. First, Fuchs had imperilled this country's traditional generosity of asylum to political refugees; second, by betraying the secrets of fellow workers both in this country and the U.S.A., he had caused the gravest suspicions to fall on those whom he had treated as friends and who had trusted him; thirdly, he had imperilled the good relations between Great Britain and the U.S.A.; and fourthly, had done irreparable and incalculable harm both to this land and to the United States, merely for the purpose of furthering his political creed. The Attorney-General, Sir Hartley Shawcross, prosecuted; and Mr. Derek Curtis-Bennett, K.C., appeared for the defence. The whole case rested on the confession of Fuchs and the Lord Chief Justice stressed the fact that he was arrested on February 2, committed for trial on February 10 and tried and convicted on March 1. Klaus Fuchs was the son of a German professor, who was a Quaker, pacifist and "Christian Communist." He came to England in 1933 as a refugee from Nazi persecution and studied at Bristol University and Edinburgh University, where he impressed his teachers with his brilliant promise. He was known to be a member of the Communist Party. At the outbreak of war he was interned in Canada but released in 1942. The same year he entered atomic research, signing a security undertaking and was also naturalised as a British subject, swearing an oath of allegiance to his Majesty. He was subsequently employed in atomic research of the highest importance and communicated secret information to Communist representatives of Russia, from almost the beginning of his appointment, both in this country and in America.

by Churchill's fighting leadership, were taking vengeance! The announcements came in so fast that it was difficult to find time to eat, even though I had a tray by my side. There was nothing of the atomic-bomb atmosphere of the 1931 or 1945 elections: the drama lay not in surprise, sudden joy, dismay, or startling dénouement, but in this long, slogging, pell-mell fight. With both parties going down like ninepins, it was like Waterloo, when Johnny Kincaid wondered, as the cannon-shot made ever wider channels through the ranks of the opposing armies, whether there had ever been a battle in which everyone was

## MALAYA, ERITREA AND BULGARIA: STRIFE AND AN INTERNATIONAL BREACH.



THE UNITED STATES' SEVERANCE OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH BULGARIA: MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN LEGATION IN SOFIA BURNING DOCUMENTS BEFORE CLOSING THE LEGATION, AND LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

It was announced on February 21 that the United States had broken off diplomatic relations with Bulgaria in consequence of the baseless charges made by the Bulgarian Government against the U.S. Minister, Mr. Donald R. Heath, and its request in January for his recall and declaration that he was *persona non grata*. Though warned that diplomatic relations would be severed if the charges were not withdrawn, the Bulgarian Government persisted in them. It has denounced the breach as "arbitrary" and in contradiction with diplomatic practice. Mr. Heath, when passing through Belgrade with forty-eight of his staff after the Sofia Legation had been closed, said that the charges against him were the "climax



THE CLOSING-DOWN OF THE U.S. LEGATION IN SOFIA CONSEQUENT ON THE DIPLOMATIC BREACH BETWEEN AMERICA AND BULGARIA: CHECKING THE LEGATION FUNDS IN BULGARIAN CURRENCY.

in the campaign of calculated insults and vilification of the United States . . ." Persecution of the Legation staff continued after the severance of diplomatic relations, and two former employees have been accused of offences against the State. Americans are now forbidden to enter Bulgaria.



A SCENE OF DEVASTATION: THE MARKET SQUARE IN ASMARA, ERITREA, AFTER THE RIOTERS HAD SURGED THROUGH, LOOTING AND WRECKING AS THEY WENT.

The rioting and disturbances in Asmara, capital of Eritrea, which were described in our last issue (dated March 4), have, at the time of writing, died down. The total curfew which was imposed in the native quarter was relaxed on February 27 as the number of riot incidents dwindled. The enquiry into the causes



BRANDISHING HIS SWORD AS HE CHARGED: A MUSLIM YOUTH RUSHING UPON HOOLIGANS WHO ATTACKED A FUNERAL PROCESSION IN ASMARA.

of the riots opened on the same date under the chairmanship of the Chief Secretary, Sir Frederick Pearce. Appeals for peace made by the Coptic Bishop and the Muslim Mufti had some effect; and constant patrols by young national service troops were carried out. Three companies were assisting the civil authorities. After the riots the native quarter presented a scene of devastation when work began on assessing the damage and clearing the streets.



LINE-OF-COMMUNICATION TROOPS FOR JUNGLE PATROL WORK IN MALAYA'S "ANTI-BANDIT MONTH": R.A.S.C. DRIVERS SETTING OUT FROM KUALA LUMPUR.

The fine response to the appeal for volunteers for Malaya's "Anti-Bandit Month" is reported elsewhere. These photographs show officers and other ranks of the 69 Transport Company, R.A.S.C., detailed for operational duty with a Guards Brigade unit, setting out from Kuala Lumpur. Guerrillas have been continuing their activities, and a military convoy was ambushed in Pahang on March 2; four British soldiers, a civilian and a Malay special constable being killed and five British soldiers wounded; and terrorists recently derailed a passenger train between Triang and Gemas, but were routed by Gurkhas.

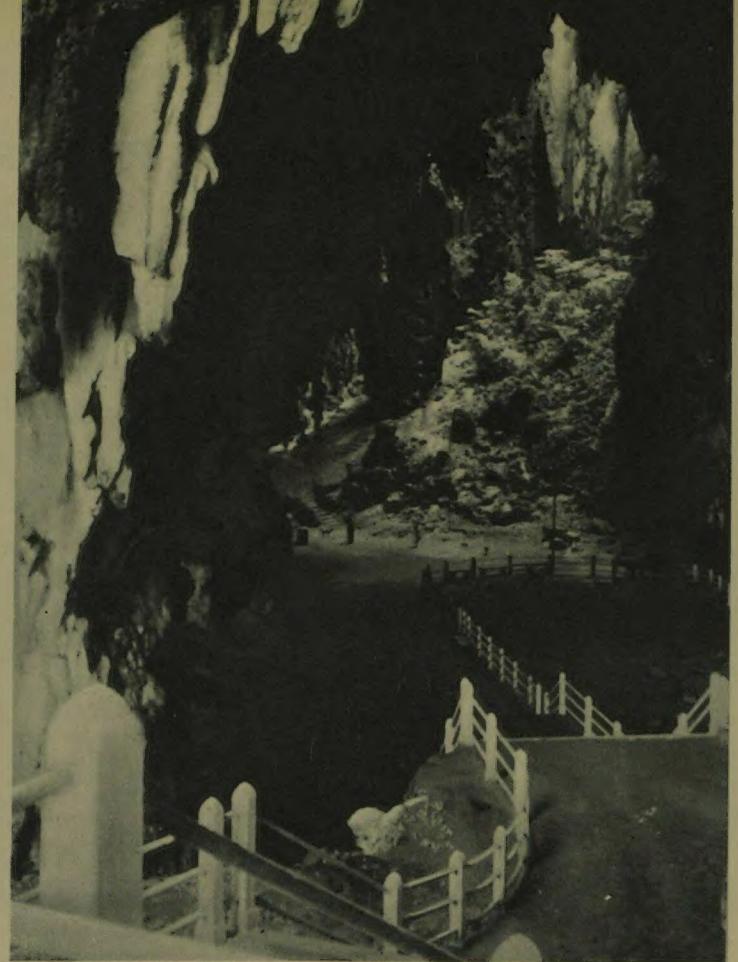


BRITISH TROOPS DETAILED FOR JUNGLE DUTY IN CONNECTION WITH THE "ANTI-BANDIT MONTH" IN MALAYA: AN OFFICER AND N.C.O.S. OF THE 69 TRANSPORT COMPANY, R.A.S.C., TAKING PART IN THE GREAT DRIVE AGAINST THE TERRORISTS.

**THE OPENING OF MALAYA'S ANTI-BANDIT MONTH:  
IN THE BATU CAVES AND IN THE JUNGLE.**



THE ANTI-BANDIT OPERATIONS INSIDE THE BATU CAVES: (ABOVE) TWO SOLDIERS OF THE 2ND BRIGADE STUDYING CHINESE CHARACTERS ON THE WALLS, WHICH MAY LIST BANDIT MEMBERS. ON THE RIGHT IS PART OF THE GREAT CATHEDRAL CAVERN, WHICH WAS FORMERLY A PLACE OF HINDU PILGRIMAGE.



ON Sunday, February 26, Sir Henry Gurney, the High Commissioner of the Federation of Malaya, announced the opening of Anti-Bandit Month in Malaya. Mr. D. C. Wetherston, the Secretary for Defence and Internal Security, said that 321,509 civilians had volunteered for this great drive against Communist banditry in Malaya, and that this amounted to the "greatest united effort that the Federation had ever seen." He said: "The list of the volunteers includes men and women of every walk of life, labourers, professional and business men; clerks, high officials, shop assistants, housewives and school children. There could be no surer evidence that the claim of the Communist bandits to represent the people is nothing more or less than a thundering lie." Untrained men, however, would not be used to fight the bandits, and the great part that the volunteers would play would be in relieving the military and police from all administrative duties, in helping with information and supplies, clerical work and in particular with the radical matter of resettlement. The drive has obviously startled the bandits, who have reacted with violent attempts to

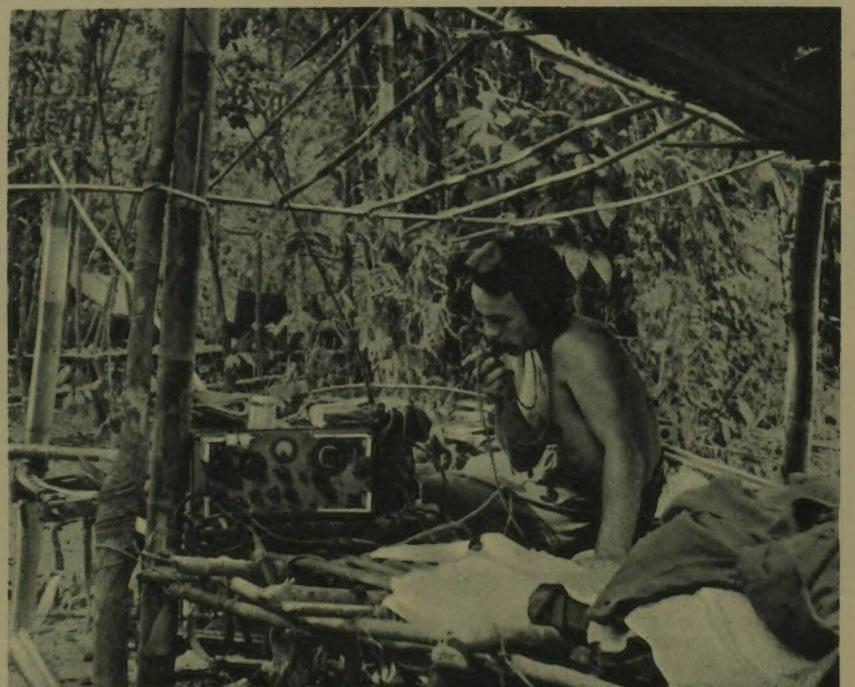
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SHOWING THE NATURE OF THE ANTI-BANDIT OPERATIONS: A PATROL OF THE 2ND BATTALION, THE SCOTS GUARDS, WADING A RIVER IN PAHANG.



WITH HIS BREN GUN BESIDE HIM, A SCOTS GUARDSMAN WASHES IN A JUNGLE RIVER IN SELANGOR. ARMS ARE CARRIED ON EVEN THE BRIEFAEST DEPARTURE FROM THE COMPANY BASE FOR FEAR OF BANDIT AMBUSH.



WIRELESS COMMUNICATION IN THE JUNGLE: A COMPANY SIGNALLER OF THE SCOTS GUARDS OPENS HIS WIRELESS LINK IN SELANGOR. A USED SUPPLY-PARACHUTE LIES ON THE BAMBOO FLOOR.



ANTI-BANDIT OPERATIONS IN ONE OF MALAYA'S BEAUTY SPOTS: POLICE AND GUARDS ASSEMBLING AT DAWN BELOW THE MASSIF OF THE BATU CAVES, NEAR KUALA LUMPUR, TO SEARCH THE GREAT HONEYCOMB OF CAVES AND EXTERMINATE THE BANDITS BELIEVED TO BE LURKING IN THEIR RECESSES.



THE OPERATION OPENS: A FLAME-THROWER IS FIRED AT THE UNDERGROWTH CONCEALING THE ENTRANCE TO A TUNNEL ON THE SHEER FACE OF "DESOLATION HOLLOW," IN THE CENTRE OF THE BATU CAVES. ACCESS TO THE HOLLOW IS THROUGH A 200-YARD-LONG TUNNEL, IN THE HUGE LIMESTONE FORMATIONS.

*Continued.*

shake the general resolution by such outrages as the burning of Simpang Tiga (reported in our issue of February 25) and by an outbreak of ambushing and attacks in various parts of the Federation. Four of the photographs on these pages show aspects of an operation against the Batu Caves. These caves, of which we published a remarkable photograph in our issue of January 7, are a famous beauty spot not far from Kuala Lumpur, and until their innumerable honeycombed caves became a haunt of the bandits, were a famous place of Hindu pilgrimage. Working in

conjunction with an *Auster* observation aircraft, a mixed force of military and police approached the huge limestone massif at dawn and began the task of clearing the endless caverns and passages with tear-gas and flame-throwers. In the centre of one cave was found a limestone pillar against which the bandits had executed spies or informers. Other pictures show the conditions in which the forces of law and order are waging their ceaseless battle against a lurking, treacherous and completely ruthless enemy, in a terrain which favours guerrilla tactics.

WHERE COMMUNIST BANDITS HAVE INFESTED A MALAYAN BEAUTY-SPOT AND HINDU HOLY PLACE: CLEARING THE BATU CAVES.



LIEUT.-COLONEL VLADIMIR PENIAKOFF, D.S.O., M.C., AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Lieut.-Colonel Vladimir Peniakoff, better known as "Popski," was born in Belgium of Russian parents, and was educated privately and at Cambridge. In the intervals of business in Egypt he studied the literature of the desert and made independent explorations. Abandoning his commercial career in 1940, he served first with the Libyan Arab force, but soon raised and trained a small fighting unit to operate behind the enemy lines. Under his command Popski's Private Army—the smallest independent British unit—came officially into being in November 1942.

relevant to this story": but I am not so sure that it isn't all relevant. "I was born," he goes on, "in Belgium to Russian parents of an intellectual type now extinct: they showed an old-fashioned turn of mind in having me taught English as my first language and later by refusing to send me to school, which they considered inadequate. For years I had never less than three tutors who pumped knowledge into a precocious brain; as well as music, riding and fencing masters. From this rarefied atmosphere I passed in 1914 to a Cambridge college, a precious intellectual prig, with high scientific ambitions, and conscientious objections to war. I left at the end of my fourth term to enlist as a private in the French Army. I was in a hurry and couldn't face the months of training I would have had to go through had I applied for a commission in the British Army. The French were obliging: eleven days later I reported to my battery, a fully-fledged gunner." He was a conscientious objector who was in a hurry to get into uniform; he loved England and joined the French Army and "developed a distaste for the French people." There is one thing one can expect from such a start: and that is the unexpected. It follows. Did he become a soldier of fortune or a missionary of peace? Not at all; for several years he worked in a sugar-mill near Luxor, and then in a sugar refinery ("which stands one step higher in the industrial hierarchy"—the word "refined," of course, has associations) near Cairo. That might be supposed to involve leisure hours spent at the Club, on the lawn-tennis court, on the golf-course, or on the racecourse. But that sort of life did not suit Popski: and, confronted with it, he was immediately bitten by the Desert and began spending his spare time navigating over rocks, dunes and wadis, with a sun-compass, a theodolite, a stop-watch, a small wireless-set and a two-seater Ford with balloon tyres, which "had travelled over 120,000 miles when it came to a sticky end at Mersah Matruh in the second year of the war." When the war broke out he knew his desert, his navigation and his Bedouin; it might be expected that this would qualify him for the war-service which he eagerly sought. But no: Russian by blood, English by sentiment, Cantab by Tripos, French by virtue of war-service, he was, in official eyes, a Belgian, and as Belgium was neutral we could not accept him. Had he been both a German and a Communist, like Dr. Fuchs, he might more easily have been received into our bosom. In the end, Belgium was attacked, and became our ally, and this Belgian neutral with Arab affinities was allowed to don a uniform and put up one pip. Thereafter his career was varied in the sense that he served first with the Libyan Arab Force, then with L.R.D.G., then with an unrecognised "private army" and at last with a unit officially known as Popski's Private Army, with "P.P.A." on its shoulder-flashes and a badge modelled on the Astrolabe which he had used as a book-plate. But it was consistent in so far as his work was always off the beaten track. The Libyan Arabs (survivors of Graziani's massacres) were a poor lot and ultimately became a kind of gendarmerie. But after he left them and led British

## WAR BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES.

"PRIVATE ARMY": By LIEUT.-COLONEL VLADIMIR PENIAKOFF ("POPSKI").\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

**P**O PSKI'S Private Army" became a legend during the war; here is its story written by Popski himself; and intertwined with the story of a very odd unit is the story of a very odd, amusing and enterprising man.

The main branch of the Po," runs one, "was crossed the same day, and P.P.A. established beyond it with the support of local partisans.

On the twenty-seventh they crossed the Adige and the Brenta, and appeared before Chioggia, a small fishing town at the south end of the lagoon of Venice, where the Germans had seven hundred men with two batteries of 88-mm. field-guns, one battery of coastal defence guns, one hundred and twenty heavy machine-guns, much ammunition and supplies for three months. The commander thought himself secure behind three rivers and innumerable canals on which all the bridges had been blown. Jean

Caneri sent Wallbridge to him under a flag of truce, with a request to surrender within twenty-four hours, failing which he would be bombed out

of the world by the air force. Concealing the fact that his whole force on the spot consisted of nine men in three jeeps, Caneri received the representative of the German commander and in five hours' talk bluffed him so successfully that he returned to his commanding officer to recommend an unconditional surrender, for Caneri would accept nothing else."

The said Wallbridge took a good many hours persuading the Germans, some of whom wanted to fight to the last round. "I believe," says Popski, "that an important element in the success of his



OPERATING IN THE SAND SEA: LONG RANGE DESERT GROUP LORRIES IN THE DESERT.



SGT. S. (SAMMY) TAYLOR.



MAJOR J. M. CANERI, M.C.



CPL. R. H. COKES.



CAPT. J. D. CAMPBELL, M.C. AND BAR.

The men whose photographs appear above were members of Popski's Private Army. Major J. M. Caneri was a Frenchman. He was twenty-six when he joined P.P.A. He later took over command when Popski went to hospital for some weeks. Captain Campbell joined P.P.A. in Italy and remained with them until the end of the war, and rose to be the fourth of the "Big Three." Sgt. S. (Sammy) Taylor, of "R" patrol, was Mentioned in Despatches. When Cpl. Cokes joined P.P.A. he was an R.A.S.C. driver and is described by "Popski" as "one of my best recruits."

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Private Army"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Jonathan Cape.

negotiations took place on his first night in the town, when, being entertained in the German mess, he drank the whole staff under the table. Of this, however, I have no other evidence but the word of an enemy." However, the upshot was what Popski had always intended. "In the course of the last few days P.P.A. had captured thirteen hundred and thirty-five prisoners, sixteen field-guns and many smaller weapons. I felt that the war in Italy would end in a few days and that the time had now come to carry out the plan I had told Cameron about when we were on our way from Taranto to Bari a year and a half earlier—a purposeless piece of swagger, indeed, but a flourish can be an end in itself. We loaded five jeeps in three R.C.L.s and, young Thomas leading recklessly amongst the German mines, we sailed from Chioggia to Venice up the lagoon, entered the Canal San Marco and moored our craft on the quay. I started my jeep and, trembling with excitement for the one and only time during the war, drove into the Piazetta, passed between the columns, turned left into the Piazza San Marco, and, followed by the others, drove seven times round the square. This was my hour of triumph."

Popski frankly admits that he enjoyed his war. But he makes it clear that it wasn't the unfortunate incidental bloodshed which he enjoyed; and that some of the relish went out of his expeditions when he was no longer a soldier hunting soldiers in uninhabited regions, breathing pure desert air under clear desert skies, damaging no man's house, defiling no man's land, driving into homeless misery no man's women and children, but part of what could not help being a devastating horde in civilised regions. He enjoyed his war, but some of his fellow-soldiers may not enjoy his book. He is generous to his comrades and gives many a splendid picture of individuals amongst them. But there were a good many (not in his private Army) whom he regarded as dolts, muddlers, snobs or bullies, and it is not to be supposed that many of them will not recognise themselves, with no agreement, in his pages. Let them not resent it too much; he is a "character" who has a way with him; high spirits, humour and impatience were an essential part of his equipment.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 384 of this issue.

## EXILED KING LEOPOLD, WHOSE FUTURE WILL BE DECIDED TO-MORROW.



KING LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS, HIS WIFE, PRINCESSE DE RÉTHY, THE CROWN PRINCE BAUDOUIN, ALBERT, PRINCE OF LIÈGE AND PRINCE ALEXANDRE : A FAMILY GROUP TAKEN IN 1948.



KING LEOPOLD AND HIS SECOND WIFE, FORMERLY Mlle. MARIE LILIAN BAELES, WHO BEARS THE TITLE OF PRINCESSE DE RÉTHY. SHE IS THE MOTHER OF PRINCE ALEXANDRE.



KING LEOPOLD AND PRINCESSE DE RÉTHY, WHOSE STATUS RAISES A LEGAL POINT. SHE RENOUNCED ALL CLAIM TO QUEENSHIP ON HER MARRIAGE.

To-morrow, Sunday, March 12, has been fixed for the national referendum in Belgium to decide whether King Leopold returns to reign or not. Voting is to be compulsory, and if 55 per cent. of the votes cast are not in favour of a return, it is stated that his Majesty intends to abdicate in favour of the Crown Prince Baudouin, Duke of Brabant (b. 1930), his elder son by his marriage to Queen Astrid (d. 1935). King Leopold III., son of the late King Albert and of Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1901. In 1941, when in German hands, he married Mlle. Marie Lilian Baeles (daughter of a former Minister of Agriculture), who bears the title of Princesse de Réthy, and is the mother of Prince Alexandre (b. 1942). In view of the detention



THE EXILED KING LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS, WHOSE FUTURE WILL BE DECIDED BY NATIONAL REFERENDUM TO-MORROW.

of the King in Germany, the Belgian Parliament in 1944 elected Prince Charles, Count of Flanders, as Regent. After his Majesty's liberation, a law of July 19, 1945, provided that he would not resume his constitutional powers except after a majority vote in Parliament. The question of his return has caused bitter controversy. The Bill for a Referendum was debated for three hours in the Chamber and passed by 117 to 92. Left Wing parties are opposed to the King's return and to the Referendum. The King had no right to marry without Ministerial approval (impossible to obtain in 1941), but the Constitution demands that the King's wife should be Queen. Morganatic marriages are not provided for.



THE JUNGFRAU (13,539 FT.) WITH THE FLAT PEAK OF THE WENGEN JUNGFRAU (13,227 FT.) BELOW AND TO THE LEFT; THE PEAK OF THE SILBERHORN (12,040 FT.) TO THE RIGHT OF THE SUMMIT. Looking south-east from a point on the railway half-way between Mürren and Grütsch, above Lauterbrunnen. The Jungfrau summit is visible below the clouds, and the Wengen Jungfrau, Silberhorn, Black Monch and Ebenfluh are distinguishable. The Jungfraujoch with the Sphinx rock is left centre. (Exposure: 1/50th sec. at F/11 (with filter).)



TWO FAMOUS PEAKS: THE EIGER (LEFT) AND THE MONCH (RIGHT). A VERY FINE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON A DAY OF FÖHN BUT GOOD SUN. The Eiger (12,000 ft.) and the Monch (13,340 ft.) are shown. To the right of the Monch is the Jungfraujoch, with the Sphinx rock, and further right are the lower slopes of the Jungfrau. Taken looking east from a point on the railway half-way between Mürren and Grütsch. (Exposure: 1/50th sec. at F/11 (filter used).)



THE MICHAEL GROUP OF PEAKS IN THE SOUTHERN SWISS ALPS. The Michel group of peaks in the Southern Swiss Alps, the Nadelhorn (14,005 ft.), the Dom (14,785 ft.) and the Täschhorn (13,974 ft.) (l. to r.), taken from the air, flying at 13,000 ft. at 12.45 p.m. on a bright, cloudless day. The Dom is some 7 miles north-east of Zermatt and 12 miles north of Monte Rosa. (Exposure: 1/100th sec. at F/11 (no filter).)

#### ALPINE SCENERY PHOTOGRAPHED BY FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN FROM

In our issue of March 12, 1949, we published Alpine air views taken by Field Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein. We are now able to reproduce photographs which this distinguished amateur photographer took on his recent Swiss holiday with a Rolleiflex camera using Panchromatic Plus-X film. The air views were taken during a flight in a Messerschmitt 108 training machine of the Swiss

Air Force at about 13,000 ft. through the glass of the pilot's cabin, where Lord Montgomery sat in the co-pilot's seat. In the photograph of the Jungfrau (top, left), the Giesswein glacier is shown in the centre of the picture facing the camera. There is a black hole in the middle of it. This is the Kriegsloch, which, according to tradition, closes when war breaks out in Europe



THE DENT BLANCHE (14,483 FT.) IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS OF SWITZERLAND. TAKEN FROM THE AIR, FLYING AT ABOUT 13,000 FT. This peak in the southern Alps of Switzerland is about 5 miles to the north-west of the Matterhorn. The Grand Combin (12,600 ft.) lies to the right. The picture was taken from the air at 13,000 ft. approaching from the east at a point midway between the Matterhorn and the Dent Blanche at about 1 p.m. on a bright, cloudless day. (Exposure: 1/100th sec. at F/11 (no filter).)

#### AIRCRAFT AND RAILWAY: THE SPLENDOUR OF ROCK, SNOW AND GLACIER IN WINTER SUNSHINE.

and opens when peace returns once more. Eye-witnesses have declared that it behaved in this manner at the commencement and the close of the two World Wars. The Sphinx rock, on which the Observatory is built, can be distinguished in the middle of the Jungfraujoch, or pass (12,320 ft.), seen to the left centre of this photograph. The Monch and the Black Monch peaks are romantically named, for they are the two monks who stand on guard to protect the Jungfrau (Young Lady) from the Eiger, or Monster. Lord Montgomery's photograph of the Eiger and the Monch (top, right) is particularly fine, as it shows the detail of the snow in the foreground and brings out the cloud-effect above the mountains due to the föhn.

THESE words will appear at the time of the official visit of the President of the French Republic to our country. He will receive the hearty welcome which is due both to his high office and to his personality. Those who have followed events in France have noted the dignity with which he has discharged his duties in trying and difficult years. He comes at a time when the relations between Britain and France are good, though there have been strong and even bitter disagreements in the not distant past. Outstanding among these was British policy in Syria, resentment against which has not even now altogether died down, particularly among soldiers and officials who were connected with the former French mandate. There has also been some coolness over the British attitude to Indo-China, though here the feeling is now much better than it was up to last year. In general, it may be said that there is no major question of international politics on which Britain and France find themselves opposed, and that the friendliest sentiments exist between the two countries. Those who have recently visited France as tourists will probably agree with my own experience that the welcome they received could not have been warmer.

From another point of view a more favourable occasion could have been found for the visit if the present situation could have been foreseen when it was planned. As I write, it looks as though the President will leave a France distracted by strikes, which indeed may have reached more serious proportions by then. Despite the remarkable progress towards restoration made in France—a progress to which the year 1949 added fresh triumphs—the greatest problem, that of rising prices and ceaseless demands for increased wages to cope with them, seems to be still as far as ever from solution. The power of Communism, still almost as great as at any time since the war, is used to stir up fresh troubles and to exacerbate those which exist already; but it would be a grave error to suppose that Communism is responsible for the agitation for higher wages. This is inevitable, and would be present if Communism were as weak in France as it has just been proved to be in Britain. It is due to the steady rise in the cost of food, clothing and the main necessities of the workers' life. Communism may add bitterness to the agitation and is always on the lookout for an opportunity to impart violence to it, but it is only to a small extent that it creates it. The malady is deep-seated and transcends party.

In this respect our own situation may be rather better, but with us also a formidable list of wage claims will be demanding attention in the near future. What is more serious is that it will have to be dealt with, if present expectations are fulfilled, by the weakest Government that has ever taken office in this country, a Government which may be dependent upon the forbearance of the Opposition for the conduct of the most necessary business. The result of the most exciting and dramatic of General Elections may have been highly advantageous to the Conservative Party and have placed it in about the strongest strategic position it could have attained—better than office with a majority of thirty—but from the point of view of the country it has much to discommend it. It will almost inevitably involve hesitation, delay, and lack of initiative in detailed questions of foreign policy, though in principle there is a wide measure of agreement between the two major parties in such matters. Above all, it seems certain that the unsettling prospect of another General Election must overhang Parliament and country, and that the reality will not be long delayed. It may be said that such considerations do not seriously affect a State visit, but even to-day State visits generally possess a significance beyond the exchange of compliments.

The head of the French nation has, however, visited us under much less favourable circumstances. The last visit of the President of the French Republic before the outbreak of the Second World War is for many of us a poignant memory. We can recall only too clearly the foreboding which gripped us amidst the splendour of those celebrations that the fingers of doom were stretched out over them, that they might well be the last of their kind, and that we were witnessing the last amenities of an age. We did not foresee how soon a terrible catastrophe, the fall of France, was to occur, but we were right in our view that an epoch was in dissolution. Britain and London will do their best with the shoddy material of to-day to look well for M. Vincent Auriol, but some of the grace and charm displayed for his predecessor, as for example on the occasion of that gala night at Covent Garden, are gone

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

## THE VISIT OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

beyond recall. For both countries an old world lies in ashes, and the new world forming itself is still not only indeterminate in shape, but as dirty and as untidy as a bombed site in one of our great cities. Perhaps I must be counted a sour and reactionary elder because my heart does not leap up when I see democracy milling, gaping, and lounging, the inevitable cigarette-stub in the side of the mouth, in Oxford St., London, or Cormarket St., Oxford.

A delightful article in *Le Figaro* has reminded me of another visit of the head of the French State to England in circumstances which looked at the moment favourable enough but which were in fact highly unpromising for him and his régime. Louis-Philippe's visit to Windsor in 1844 was described as "unofficial," just as that of Queen Victoria's to Eu had been the year before. She had not gone to Paris, and he did not go to London. He started from

We had received King Charles X. as a fugitive in 1830. Louis-Philippe came as a crowned visitor in 1844, but in 1848 he also filled the rôle of a fugitive. And he was not the last French Sovereign to do so. After yet another constitutional experiment, the Emperor Napoleon III. was to follow in his footsteps. Under a façade of *bourgeois* democracy Louis-Philippe was obstinate and hide-bound. His implacable resistance to

electoral reform and the administrative corruption which had been revealed in the system of Guizot rendered the régime more and more unpopular. Perhaps if it had been realised how serious was the feeling in Paris and if the King had not been so unwise as to call up the National Guard, the revolution of February, 1848, might have been suppressed. As it was, the régime collapsed with sensational speed. At the end of the first day of trouble, February 22, Louis-Philippe was happy and thought that he had the thing in hand; by the 24th he had abdicated and all was over. And so, as I have said, he returned to our shores as an exile, to die a little more than two years later, refusing up to the last to admit that he had been guilty of any political error.

Since then France has gone through several radical constitutional changes, generally forced roughly upon her by her own revolutionary sentiments or through the pressure of external foes. To-day, the Fourth Republic, of which M. Vincent Auriol is the representative, once again faces stormy seas.

General de Gaulle asserts that the whole system is inadequate to fulfil its functions, and certainly the exhibitions of helplessness it has occasionally displayed of late do nothing to disprove his contention. Others, including some who were formerly his closest associates and even personal friends, see in him a public danger, though the moderate among them admit that it is through no fault of his own. They believe that if he were to return to power in a constitutional manner and to exercise that power legitimately, the associations of his past and of his entourage would create a revolutionary spirit in the country. He is, as it were, the Louis Napoleon in the background, though it may well be that he does not in the least merit the label. If so, he is not the only man who has had to complain of being popularly allotted a part which is as fictitious as it is unwelcome.

Despite the strains to which it is being subjected, it does not appear probable that the Fourth Republic is in immediate danger of the fate which overwhelmed past régimes. The outside observer can all too easily make mistakes, but it certainly looks as though it would survive, even though it has to undergo worse shocks than those of the great revolutionary strikes, unless, of course, the dreadful conflagration which is always a possibility in the background should in fact break out. The basis of the French economy is sound enough, in some respects sounder than our own, because less quickly and seriously affected by external accidents. The root of the trouble seems to lie in the failure of one French Government after another to tackle the problem of taxation and to create a practical system. Even the strong men are not strong enough to break down prejudice in that field. That is a serious enough malady, but not so bad as the repression of freedom which brought down one régime after another in the nineteenth century.

Anglo-French friendship has survived some heavy trials, including the semi-conscious resentment of the defeated nation towards the nation which has struggled through the worst tribulations to victory. To-day it is as well established as at any time in the history of the two nations. We learnt in recent evil times how barren would appear to us a world

deprived of the influence of the French spirit and of French civilisation, and there is evidence that France on her side has realised the pleasures and advantages of contact with our civilisation as the result of having been cut off from it for four years. Here then is reason for treating the visit of the President of the French Republic as something more than an amiable piece of formalism and pageantry. It ought to be treated as the symbol of the cordiality and good understanding between the two countries and also as pointing the way to a future of useful and happy co-operation. I trust that he will be greeted in this spirit, not only by the official world but, so far as this is possible, by the people of the country, and that he will take back with him to Paris the memory of a happy visit which was not just an affair of State.



DISGUISED BY A BEARD WHILE IN HIDING FROM THE GERMANS DURING WORLD WAR II.: M. VINCENT AURIOL, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND OF THE FRENCH UNION SINCE JANUARY, 1947.

M. Vincent Auriol had a most distinguished record during World War II, and is a holder of the Médaille de la Résistance, with the rank of officer. After the fall of France, when the National Assembly was convened in Vichy, in July, 1940, M. Auriol voted against the granting of full powers to Pétain, and was imprisoned by the Vichy régime from September, 1940, to April, 1941. Afterwards, he was placed under house arrest from August, 1941, to October, 1942, when he took refuge in the Aveyron mountains. In October, 1943, he escaped to London, where he joined the Free French Government. He later went to Algiers, where he was a member of the Consultative Assembly until 1944, when he was made President of the Committee of Foreign Affairs and drafted the Constitution of the Provisional Government. After the Liberation, M. Auriol was Minister of State in the De Gaulle Government from November, 1945, to January, 1946. He was a delegate at the first Assembly of the United Nations and of the Security Council, in London, in January, 1946.

Eu, only a short carriage drive to Le Tréport, where he took ship to Portsmouth. Here he was met by the Prince Consort, whom he embraced in the French manner, but he recalled enough of his English to express thanks for his welcome in our tongue. At Windsor Castle the Queen came out bare-headed to the carriage-door. There was an official element after all in the visit; for the King of the French was accompanied by his Minister, Guizot, and our Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, was with the Queen at Windsor to await his arrival. The Lord Mayor of London came down from the City to greet Louis-Philippe. All was cordiality and all apparently promised well. There were, in point of fact, some differences which were not resolved, though they were of secondary importance to the perils already beginning to gather about the King in his own country.

**DESTROYED BY FIRE: A CHINESE REFUGEE CAMP ON THE TONGKING FRONTIER.**



(ABOVE.) TIGHTLY PACKED TOGETHER IN THE VALLEY AND JUST COMPLETED: HUTS MADE OF BAMBOO, STRAW AND LEAVES IN THE ILL-FATED CHINESE REFUGEE CAMP.

CHINESE Nationalist troops and refugees from Communist China managed to build a camp of bamboo and straw houses in a valley at Mong-Duong on the Tongking frontier of Viet-Nam. But just as the camp had been completed it was destroyed by fire. The refugees escaped by wading across a river and by crossing the Tongking frontier and taking to the hills. The Chinese took the loss of their refugee camp with typical calmness. On crossing the Tongking frontier they were disarmed and interned by the

[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.) SPREADING UNCONTROLLABLY THROUGH THE CAMP: THE FIRE BLAZING AS THE CHINESE BEGIN TO ESCAPE BY WADING ACROSS A RIVER.



THE START OF THE DISASTROUS FIRE: THE SCENE AT THE WINDWARD END OF THE VALLEY AS SOME OF THE CHINESE TOOK TO THE HILLS.



SEARCHING AMONG THE CINDERS OF THEIR HOMES: SOME OF THE CHINESE WHO RETURNED BEFORE THE SMOKE HAD CLEARED AWAY TO LOOK FOR THEIR BELONGINGS.

Continued.] French. While Nationalist supporters on the mainland are living precariously, dissension has broken out in the ranks of their leaders. On March 1, General Li Tsung-jen, who became acting-President of the Chinese Nationalist Republic a



WATCHING THE FIRE WHICH DESTROYED THEIR CAMP: SOME OF THE CHINESE REFUGEES WHO ESCAPED OVER THE TONGKING FRONTIER TO THE HILLS.

year ago on the resignation of General Chiang Kai-shek, declared in New York that he was still President, and that he was preparing to return to China and challenge General Chiang's re-assumption of the office.



PARLIAMENT RE-OPENS WITH HISTORIC CEREMONIAL : THE IRISH STATE COACH, CARRYING THE KING AND QUEEN, TURNS FROM THE MALL AT THE FOOT OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S STEPS, ESCORTED BY THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY AMID THE CHEERS OF THOUSANDS.

Excited crowds lined the Mall on the morning of March 6 to see the magnificent ceremonial of the Royal drive to the State opening of Parliament. The Mall was lined with troops and gay with the alternate Tricolors and Union Flags set there for the next day's welcome to the President of the French Republic. First in the procession down the Mall was the King's Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery, drawing the four guns with which the salute of 41 guns was later fired in St. James's

Park. Then came the procession itself: the King and Queen in the Irish State Coach, followed by four State landaus and escorted by four divisions of a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry. Princess Elizabeth, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent drove to the House of Lords by car along the processional route. The scene was exceptionally brilliant and the procession advanced through wave after wave of cheering from the crowds which lined the route.



THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: T.M. THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE IRISH COACH EN ROUTE FOR WESTMINSTER.

Only the privileged can witness the actual State Opening of Parliament, but the ceremony at Westminster is preceded by the State drive from Buckingham Palace, which all can behold. The pale sunshine of an unusually mild March day added to the beauty of the procession, illustrated and described on our facing page. On this we give a photograph of their Majesties in the Irish State Coach drawn by the Windsor greys. The Queen's jewels included a diamond tiara, diamond drop ear-rings,

and a diamond double-strand necklace, and she wore the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter across her richly-embroidered satin dress. A salute of 41 guns was fired in St. James's Park to signal the arrival of the Sovereign at Westminster, where he was received by the great officers of State, and the ceremony was carried out with all its ancient pageantry. The crowning, unforgettable moment is the sudden illumination of the Lords Chamber as the King and Queen enter hand in hand.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN THE WEST COUNTRY:  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT BRISTOL AND BATH.



(ABOVE.) AT THE OPENING OF HER  
WEST COUNTRY TOUR: PRINCESS  
ELIZABETH LEAVING THE GUILDFALL,  
BATH, WITH THE MAYOR OF  
BATH. THOUSANDS CHEERED HER,  
DESPITE HEAVY RAIN.



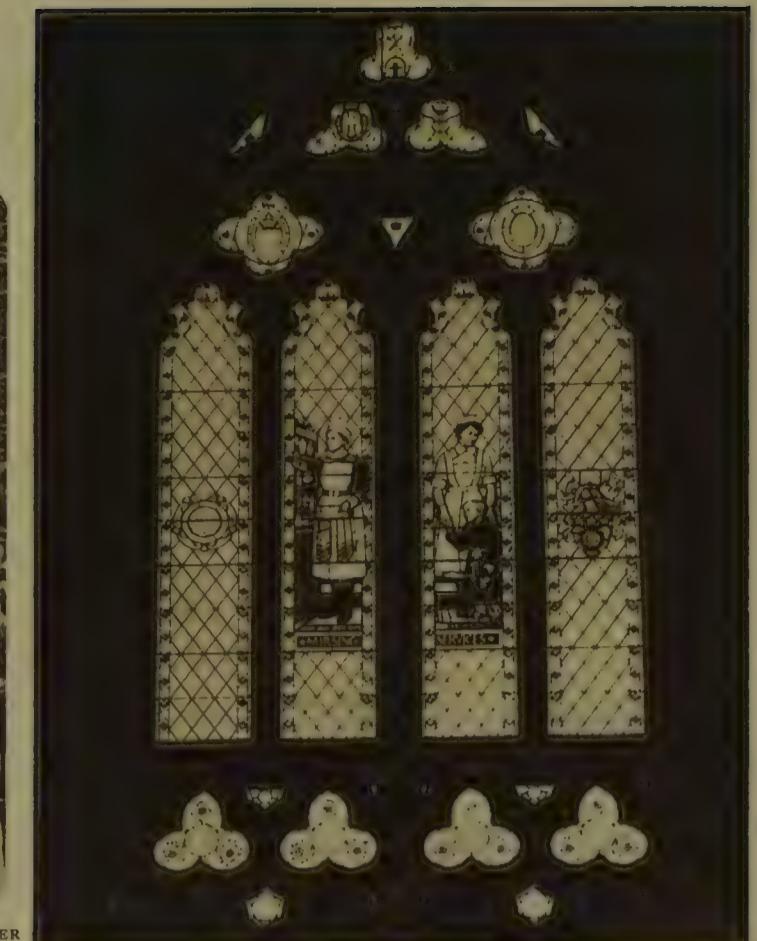
(LEFT.) ADMIRING A  
PRESENT FOR PRINCE  
CHARLES: H.R.H. INSPECTING THE NOAH'S  
ARK MADE BY THE  
STUDENTS OF NEWTON PARK COLLEGE,  
WHICH SHE HAD  
JUST OPENED.



"THREE CHEERS FOR HER ROYAL HIGHNESS!": PRINCESS ELIZABETH LEAVING CLIFTON  
COLLEGE TO WHICH SHE PAID A VISIT DURING HER WEST COUNTRY TOUR.

*Continued.*

Bath Teachers' Training College. Men of the 4th Bn. The Somerset Light Infantry with the band and buglers of the 1st Bn. mounted a guard of honour. The Princess complimented the City Council of Bath on their enterprise in providing the College, and spoke on the career of teaching to the assembled students. She later left for Badminton, where she was staying with the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort. On the following day (March 3)



COMMEMORATING THE WORK OF THE BRISTOL RED CROSS AND THE  
NURSES OF BRISTOL DURING THE WAR: THE MEMORIAL WINDOWS  
WHICH PRINCESS ELIZABETH UNVEILED IN BRISTOL CATHEDRAL ON MARCH 3.



BEING TRAINED FOR A ROYAL RIDER: CLOUDY, THE SHETLAND PONY WHICH  
PRINCESS ELIZABETH HAS ACCEPTED FOR PRINCE CHARLES—AT OLD SODBURY FARM.



TESTING THE TOBACCO AT W. D. AND H. O. WILLS' BEDMINSTER FACTORY AT BRISTOL :  
AN INCIDENT OF THE PRINCESS' TOUR. (RIGHT.) MR. F. M. ARKLE, SHERIFF OF BRISTOL.

she drove to Bristol, where she was greeted by large crowds in the decorated streets. She was met by civic dignitaries and proceeded to the Cathedral, where she unveiled two windows. These commemorate the war work of the Red Cross and nurses in Bristol; and the scheme is to be completed with six other windows commemorating other branches of the Civil Defence and the Home Guard.



A CHARMING SCENE AT THE SEVERN WILDFOWL SANCTUARY : PRINCESS ELIZABETH (IN GUM-BOOTS, RIGHT) FEEDING THE TAME GEESE. BEHIND HER, WITH BINOCULARS, IS THE DIRECTOR, MR. PETER SCOTT.

On the third day (March 4) of her visit to the West of England, Princess Elizabeth drove over from Badminton, where she had been staying with the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, to see the Severn Wildfowl Trust at Slimbridge, in Gloucestershire. She was accompanied by the Duchess of Beaufort and was welcomed at the Sanctuary by the Director, Mr. Peter Scott. The great feature of the sanctuary (which we have illustrated in previous issues) is the great expanse of the "new grounds," on which

great numbers of wild geese can be seen from "hides" at close quarters while feeding on the flats. The Princess was unfortunately unable to enjoy this remarkable sight as, shortly before her arrival, the 2000 or so geese had been frightened away and were some distance off. She was, however, able to see the special pens in which many rare wildfowl are kept, and donned gum-boots and went out and fed them herself. Another famous feature of the sanctuary is the long-established duck decoy.



(UPPER PHOTOGRAPH.) ENGLAND'S FIRST WELCOME TO THE FRENCH PRESIDENT: H.M.S. VANGUARD FIRES A SALUTE AS THE STEAMER ARROMANCHES NEARS DOVER.

(LOWER PHOTOGRAPH.) THE ARRIVAL AT VICTORIA: H.M. THE KING GREETING MME. AURIOL AS MME. AURIOL STEPS OFF THE TRAIN AND THE QUEEN APPROACHES (RIGHT).

"VIVE LA FRANCE!": THE ARRIVAL AT DOVER AND VICTORIA STATION OF PRESIDENT AURIOL AND HIS WIFE.

The fog cleared away and the sun shone from a blue sky as the cross-Channel steamer *Arromanches*, with M. and Mme. Auriol on board and escorted by British destroyers, arrived at Dover on March 7. Flags flew from ships and tugs in Dover harbour, and the guns of the battleship *Vanguard* thundered out England's first welcome to her visitors. The Duke of Gloucester went aboard when the *Arromanches*

docked to welcome the State guests and to escort them on to English soil where a civic reception awaited them. The French President and Mme. Auriol then travelled to London in a special train, and their Majesties the King and Queen were waiting on the platform at Victoria Station to welcome them as the train drew in. Mr. Attlee and members of the Cabinet were also there to greet them.



(UPPER.) TURNING INTO THE MALL FROM TRAFALGAR SQUARE: THE SECOND CARRIAGE WITH THE QUEEN, MME. AURIOL, PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

(LOWER.) ESCORTED BY A SOVEREIGN'S ESCORT OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY: THE KING WITH M. VINCENT AURIOL, THE FRENCH PRESIDENT, AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

LONDON'S WELCOME TO THE FRENCH PRESIDENT AND MME. AURIOL: THE STATE DRIVE FROM VICTORIA TO THE PALACE.

London had its first sight of the head of the great land of France, M. Vincent Auriol, and Mme. Auriol, on the afternoon of March 7, when they drove in state from Victoria Station, where they had been welcomed by their Majesties and members of the Royal family, to Buckingham Palace, where they were the guests of the King and Queen. The streets were gaily decorated and large crowds

assembled to watch the procession of three open carriages with a Sovereign's Escort of Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards along the processional route, which was through Victoria Street, Parliament Square, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square and the Mall to the Palace. Princess Margaret was to have driven in the second carriage, but owing to an attack of influenza could not be present.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

AT first sight the names Aquilegia and Columbine may seem charmingly appropriate.

Aquilegia—a nest of young eagles, and Columbine—a nest of young doves.

Examine the spurs of any not too long-spurred columbine, and you will appreciate the poetic analogy—and the poetic licence. Ornithologically both names are completely phoney. Whoever saw five young eagles sitting primly in a circle, necks arched, faces to the centre? I feel very sure that young eagles spend their time screaming, tooth and claw, for mother to bring another grouse, another hare—anything that's bloody. And who ever saw five young doves in one nest? The quota is two—a "pigeon pair." The idea of a communal nest, housing two and a half families, is altogether too far-fetched.

The country name, "Granny Nightcaps," for the old, short-spurred cottage-garden columbines, in fusty claret, faded rose, white and indigo, doubled, frilled and goffered out of all semblance of a flower, is wholly appropriate. But even in using that delightful name I once found myself severely put in my place. I was fishing a lake in Hertfordshire, where the trouts were a fisherman's tale come true. Some years before, I had broadcast a bag of the tall, blue *Aquilegia* "Hensol Harebell" in the lakeside herbage, and there it had become naturalised, and flowered superbly each season. One evening, when these columbines were over, I met an ancient gaffer scything down the lakeside weeds, and asked him how the "Granny Nightcaps" had flowered. The aquilegias, he replied, had flowered a treat.

*Aquilegia* "Hensol Harebell" is one of the most satisfactory of all the columbines, an upstanding

huge, wide-spreading sapphire blossoms. In writing of the true *alpina* stuttering superlatives fail one. I am not dead sure that sapphire is the exact colour, though a sapphire that colour and size would be no more thrilling. But where, save in the Alps, is one to see *Aquilegia alpina* in flower? I have tried to grow it repeatedly, and always failed. No, once I flowered it, and then something took the plant, a slug, a wireworm, or maybe the angels. Seeds, even from the most august sources of supply, have usually produced the more degenerate forms of *A. vulgaris*.

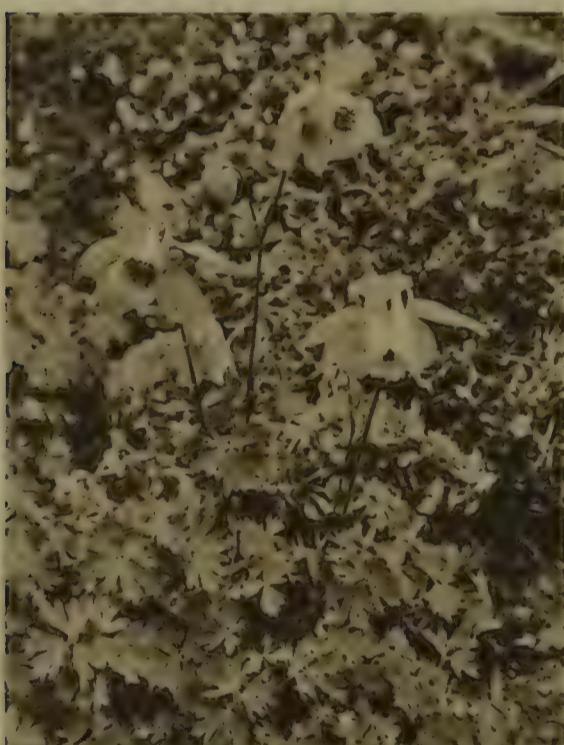


ONE OF THE ANCESTORS OF THE MODERN LONG-SPURRED HYBRIDS: *Aquilegia coerulea*, "A LOVELY ROCKY MOUNTAIN SPECIES, WITH BIG, LONG-SPURRED FLOWERS OF SOFT BLUE AND WHITE."

Collecting plants in the Alps is heart-breaking—and doubtless very naughty. A specimen that looks like an innocent seedling will prove to have a root like a bell rope. Seed freshly gathered in the Alps would give the best chance of success with *Aquilegia alpina*. But before going out to collect this, it would be as well to acquire a garden with rich loam, soft, black, and deep. Somewhere on the West Coast of Scotland might do.

*Aquilegia coerulea* is a lovely Rocky Mountain species, with big, long-spurred flowers of soft blue and white. It is one of the ancestors of our modern long-spurred hybrids, with their endless pastel shades and tones, and combinations of rose, yellow, white and crimson. When I visited Colorado Springs, Mrs. Marriage, the American native-plant specialist, after showing me her nursery, took me to see her mountain plantation of *A. coerulea*, a sea of blue, in half-open forest, well fenced against deer. A super-selected strain of the true species, growing in its native mountain air. I tried hard to persuade Mrs. Marriage to sell a pinch of seed—just a pinch. She firmly refused. With equal firmness, and characteristic American generosity, she insisted on giving me a great lavish packet of this precious seed. I still grow that strain. A good perennial, and easy to manage, and to me a delightful souvenir of a blessed mountain expedition and a great picnic, at which, incidentally, I learned how to cook a juicy steak over a camp fire. A garden shovel, washed in a mountain stream, makes the perfect frying-pan.

Just before I set out to collect plants in Western North America in 1931, a friend in London told me of an astonishing aquilegia of which he had heard in California. It was fragrant, golden yellow, and had enormously long spurs. He had failed to secure seed of this wonder. I determined to do better, cost what it might—short of my life. I got my plant, and it cost nothing, not a life, not a dime. In a botanic garden in California I enquired about this wonder plant. What was its name, and where did it grow?



CLAIMED AS THE TRUE *Aquilegia alpina*—OF WHICH MR. ELLIOTT WRITES: "[IT] IS BY FAR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, MAGNIFICENT, SUMPTUOUS, ETC., ETC., OF ALL THE COLUMBINES—AS IT FLOWERS IN THE ALPS, WITH HUGE WIDE-SPREADING SAPPHIRE BLOSSOMS... BUT WHERE, SAVE IN THE ALPS, IS ONE TO SEE *Aquilegia alpina* IN FLOWER?"

stalwart with medium-to-short spurs, easy to grow, a free seeder, and a particularly lovely blue. I once collected a good store of seed of Hensol, and broadcast it in a small spinney which I had planted in my garden. In spite of rough tussocky grass, which, as yet, the young larches and birches had failed to subdue, Hensol flourished and flowered magnificently, and started to seed about and colonise spontaneously. In colour, the flowers exactly matched some bluebells which grew near by.

"Hensol Harebell" is, I think, a form, or a near relation of *Aquilegia alpina*. *A. alpina* itself is by far the most beautiful, magnificent, sumptuous, etc., etc., etc., of all the columbines—as it flowers in the Alps, with

I was led to a great colony of *Aquilegia longissima* in full flower—and carrying ripe seed too—and told to help myself. A rotten, unromantic plant-hunter's story, but, anyway, the truth. Most gardeners know *Aquilegia longissima* by this time. An R.H.S. Award of Merit plant, it is offered to-day in most good seed catalogues. It is a sound perennial, and easy to grow, 2 ft. to 3 ft. high according to soil and nourishment. I had been told that the spurs were 5 ins. long. I had found this hard to believe, but they are. Flower measurements by eye are deceptive, so I have measured the flowers more than once. The colour of *longissima* is a clear, pure amber. A group of plants in full flower is a beautiful sight. The blossoms, with their long, slender, tapered spurs curving out behind, look like a constellation of comets, swooping and stunting in a miniature "dog fight." As to fragrance, friends assure me that it's there, but I confess that I have always failed to detect it. Some smells, and some people, are like that. The only aquilegia that I have ever caught in the act of smelling, and that only faintly, is *A. viridiflora*, a 6-in. dwarf from North Asia, whose small flowers, in dull green and almost black, just miss being morbid, and just manage to be rather attractive and original. In this, *A. viridiflora* is rather akin to *Aquilegia ecularata*, with its small, pale chocolate spurless flowers.

There are, I think, two forms of *Aquilegia ecularata*. Forty years ago I imported from a nursery in Japan a columbine under this name. The flowers were rather larger and fuller than the *ecularata* that is in cultivation to-day. The present-day *ecularata*, which



"LIKE A CONSTELLATION OF COMETS": THE CLEAR, PURE, AMBER-COLOURED BLOSSOMS OF THE CALIFORNIAN *Aquilegia longissima*, WITH SPURS OF UP TO 5 INS. LONG.

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

comes, I think, from China, has pale chocolate or weak cocoa-coloured flowers, whereas my Japanese plant was rich chocolate. Geographical forms probably of the same species. I lost the Japanese *ecularata* long ago, and I lost, too, a hybrid which I raised by crossing it with the gold and orange *Aquilegia canadensis*. I only got one solitary seedling. It grew a foot high, with flowers like fairy ballet dancers in chocolate and orange red. Like a fool, I tried to increase this enchanting novelty by lifting and dividing the root. It died, of course. I might as well have tried to increase a carrot by division. And like a fool, I have never tried to re-create the lovely thing by repeating the same cross. But there are so many things to do in the garden!

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IXIA VIRIDIFLORA.

This extremely elegant plant, which might have been designed by Nature to deploy Redouté's skill, comes from South Africa. It is still grown as a greenhouse plant.



SPARAXIS TRICOLOR.

This plant, which was known to Redouté as *Ixia tricolor*, also comes from the Cape and is quite well known to the amateurs of the Cape Irises.



TECOMARIA CAPENSIS.

An attractive greenhouse climber, which is usually known as "Cape Honeysuckle" and which was formerly included in the genus *Bignonia*.



PELARGONIUM, GARDEN VARIETIES.

Known to Redouté, and, indeed, to most amateur gardeners, as *Geranium*, these garden forms typify the style and elegance of a, seemingly, bygone day.

### MASTERPIECES BY THE "RAPHAEL DES FLEURS": FLOWER PORTRAITS BY PIERRE JOSEPH REDOUTÉ.

On this and the three succeeding pages of our Colour Supplement, we reproduce flower portraits by the artist who is probably the greatest of all the flower-painters from the artistic, the botanical and the gardener's point of view—Pierre Joseph Redouté. The plates are reproduced from the First Edition (Imperial Folio) of "Choix des Plus Belles Fleurs," by the courtesy of the owner, Mr. Leo A. Clasen. Redouté, whose work earned him the title of "Le Raphael des Roses," or "des Fleurs," is

claimed by three countries; he was born in what was then Luxembourg but later became part of Belgium, and all his great work was done in France, which early recognised him and cherished him through a series of revolutions. He was born in July, 1759, at St. Hubert, near Liège, in a family of painters, and learnt his craft from the members of his family. His early work was as a painter of religious subjects, and examples of such work are said to survive in some Dutch churches. (Continued overleaf.)

*Iris japonica.**Iris foetidissima*

**IRIS JAPONICA.**  
This delightful iris, in which the falls are so much more dominant than the standards, is a native of China and Japan. Formerly known as *Iris foetidissima*.

**THE SAFFRON CROCUS.**

*Crocus sativus*, though a shy flowerer in English gardens, was cultivated for the saffron of its stigmas and has given its name to Saffron Walden.

**GENTIANA EXCISA.**

The sumptuous garden gentian, which most gardeners (and Redouté) know as *G. acaulis*, but which is probably an ancient hybrid and it is now known as *G. excisa*.

**GARDEN AURICULAS.**

The auricula or "Bear's ear," as Redouté calls it, is ideally the cottager's and specialist's plant. It is a hybrid, with *P. austriaca* blood dominant.

*Paeonia tenuifolia.**Paeonia à feuilles Linaires*

**PAEONIA TENUIFOLIA.**  
One of the most distinguished of Peonies. Redouté's name, "à feuilles Linaires" (with Toadflax leaves), is probably a mistake for "lineares" (linear).

**HIPPEASTRUM, A GARDEN FORM.**

Redouté calls this *Amaryllis bellidifolia*, but it is now classified as *Hippeastrum*, and this is almost certainly the brilliant portrait of a garden hybrid.

**PAPAVER SOMNIFERUM.**

This portrait of a poppy, in which the more elegant, as opposed to the more showy, face is chosen, seems to throw light on Redouté's approach.

**THE CROWN IMPERIAL.**

This portrait of the most majestic of the fritillaries, *Fritillaria imperialis*, like the *Hippeastrum* opposite, shows the artist's mastery of three dimensions.

**PAINTED BY THE MASTER WHO TAUGHT FLOWER-Painting TO QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE: SELECTED PLATES FROM PIERRE JOSEPH REDOUTÉ'S OWN CHOICE OF THE LOVELIEST FLOWERS.**

Continued from page II

In the course of his travels he is said to have been impressed by the works of the great flower-painter, Van Huysum; and when he went to Paris as a young man to assist his brother as a scene-painter, he spent some of his time in painting flowers. He attracted the attention of L'Hermitte and Van Spaendonck, who gave him flower-painting work to do. Soon afterwards he was appointed Court painter to Queen Marie Antoinette and her especial teacher. It is said that during the lessons he gave

to the young Queen he would take a few flowers from the Versailles flower-beds, arrange them in a Japanese or Sévres vase, and produce a magnificent water-colour in about half an hour. He soon achieved a series of brilliant successes, and his reputation outstripped even that of Van Huysum, inasmuch as he combined delicacy, brilliancy and accuracy of colour and composition with a scientific knowledge and perception which was almost unique. He was also completely wrapped up in his

work, and the wars and revolutions which racked France during his lifetime seem to have left unchanged not only his nature, but also his art. He was a Court painter to Marie Antoinette, to the Empress Josephine, the Emperor Marie-Louis, and after the Bourbon restoration, he was closely associated as a painter with the Duchess of Berry, Queen Marie Amélie and Madame Adelaide. Although so closely associated with Courts and with art, he is said to have grown more and more to resemble a

working gardener with heavy hands and knotted fingers, and it is a reflection of his absorbing interests that death occurred in 1851, at the age of eighty-one, when he was working in the Jardin des Plantes. In 1824 he was appointed to the Professor of Vegetable Iconography in the Garden of the King, and it was in this position that he began the series of publications which have made him famous. These include a great number of illustrations to various works by varying authors.

*Continued next week.*



HONEYSUCKLE.

Normally Redouté is the ideal botanist's, as well as artist's, flower-painter; but it is not quite certain whether this is *Lonicera caprifolium* or *periclymenum*. The former is more probable.



ENKIANTHUS QUINQUEFLORUS.

This delightful Southern Chinese shrub pleases almost as much with its terminal leaves as with its flowers, like its not-distant relations, the Pieris family.



OUR CHINESE ASTER.

No longer called *Aster*, as in Redouté's day, but listed as *Callistephus*, although still familiar under its old name on every coster's barrow or stall.

#### EQUALLY SATISFYING TO THE ARTIST, THE BOTANIST AND THE FLOWER-LOVER: REDOUTÉ GEMS.

*Continued.*  
of natural history; but the most impressive were his own "Liliacées" and "Roses." Two of the original water-colours for the latter volume we reproduced in full colour in our issue of June 18 last year. His next great work was produced between 1827 and 1833, and was that from which the plates on these pages are taken—the "Choix des plus belles fleurs prises dans différentes familles du règne végétal, de quelques branches des plus beaux fruits, groupés quelquefois et souvent animés par



CARNATIONS.

Flowers which have retained their popularity and distinction since Holbein's day and earlier, and whose scent is a childhood evocation of elegance.

"des insectes et des papillons"—to give it its full title. This was followed in 1835 by the "Collection de jolies petites fleurs"; in 1836 by the "Choix de soixante roses." His last work, the "Bouquet Royal," was published posthumously, and included a portrait from a drawing by Mlle. Godefroy. He died in 1840 and was buried at Père-Lachaise, where there is a monument to his memory. In 1846 Belgium raised a fountain, with a portrait bust, to his memory at his birthplace, St. Hubert.

# The World of the Theatre.

## ALIVE AND DEAD.

By J. C. TREWIN.

NOT long ago I mentioned that Mr. George Benson was appearing as Bernardo in the Old Vic "Hamlet." In fact, he plays Marcellus. It is not an error one should make, because although these small-part soldiers who hold the watch at Elsinore are together in two scenes, and are not easily separable in the mind, it is Marcellus to whom Shakespeare gave the glorious passage about the "bird of dawning." That alone should keep the man alive for ever in our hearts.

Marcellus, in any event, is no dummy brought for the moment upon the "platform" as a ghost-watcher. He is a loyal soldier, liege-man to the Dane (and possibly Captain of the Guard at Elsinore), certainly a person Hamlet can respect. He has only some thirty or forty speeches—fewer in the cut version—and many of these merely single lines. Yet there is something solid and enduring about him, and he is not insensitive: he is, as Granville-Barker says, "alive to the mystery beyond." The man cannot fade into air. You feel that he continues to exist when the play is over, and that through life he will not dream for a second of breaking the oath—never to make known what he had seen that night—sworn upon the battlements on the hilt of Hamlet's sword.

Maybe, Bernardo, a junior officer, is less substantial, but he, too, lives (in barely a score of speeches). He opens "Hamlet" with the most exciting words in the range of drama, the simple "Who's there?" And what of Francisco, third of the soldiers? He flicks by us for three minutes in the very opening of the tragedy, but we do not forget the sentinel who has paced the haunted platform on a dark, frigid midnight, and who welcomes his relief with gratitude: "Tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart." (I met once a Spanish translation of "Hamlet" in which this was rendered, with some charm: "Tis bitter cold, and I have a weak chest.")

Shakespeare seldom dabbed down the least of his people carelessly. As a rule, he found for them some flash of phrase, something by which they could be distinguished. Occasionally we have to think of

down the principal towns upon some unfamiliar outline map. The names, yes; but where do they go?

At present I am safe in saying that George Bernard comes from "Man of the World," by C. E. Webber, staged at the Lyric, Hammersmith. In this doctrinal anecdote of an international financier with ideals—a man of no country who must end in an asylum—Mr. Webber has insisted, for some reason, on telling his story backwards. As I listened to it, I remembered Petruchio's attack upon the tailor: "What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart? Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash." It is all most

sincerity as the loquacious financier, in and out of his cell, and of the pleasure of the young producer, Ken Tynan, in his lights and swivelling platforms. The piece depends too much upon acting and production. Still, Mr. Webber has ideas, and he has also a shrewd sense of humour. He should try again, more simply. A comedy, perhaps. . . .

Jacques Breval? He comes, or elbows out of, "The Purple Fig-tree" (Piccadilly), a melodrama by George Ralli. Its scene is a remote Greek inn. Breval is a French sea-captain and a former gun-runner. He has a beard, he is acted with a straight-punching drive by Jack Hawkins, and he is nearly killed by a scoundrelly innkeeper—the man, you understand, who had engaged the mysterious "Countess" as his telephone operator. As the innkeeper is himself throttled by a young man from behind a curtain, it works out well—especially as the Greek Colonel writes a safe-conduct, there is a statue in the coffin, and all dance till the gunpowder runs out at the heels of their boots. I am sorry if this summary does not appear to hang together. It is the kind of play that begins with too much talk and no incident, and ends with so much incident that one is buffeted into subjection: the author has suddenly resolved to get on with things. We can enjoy such rough-and-tough melodrama as this; but Mr. Ralli, though he has produced a last rousing half-hour, marks time too long and none of his people exists off the stage. Margaret Rawlings, as an enigmatic telephonist with a voice like warm brocade; Valerie White, as an American girl; Anthony Holles, as a volcanic eruption of a Greek Colonel; and Mr. Hawkins himself, all act with single-minded loyalty, and some of the melodrama gets across. I wonder what we shall know of it a year from now? It is, I fear, ephemeral.

Lily Holmes belongs to "Flowers for the Living," by Toni Block. This is a piece that, keen and topical at the New Lindsey two years ago, seems now—in West End production—to be a little blunted, a trifle dated. It is the story of a young ex-sergeant of the A.T.S. who has learned so much during her Army



ACTED APPRECIATIVELY AND PRODUCED WITH RESOURCE, BUT A PLAY WHICH IS SPOILED BY ITS "SNIP-SNAP CONSTRUCTION": "MAN OF THE WORLD," BY C. E. WEBBER, AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH, SHOWING (L. TO R.) MOLINARI (ERIC POHLMANN), GEORGE BERNARD (ROGER LIVESEY) AND MARY BERNARD (URSULA JEANS) IN A SCENE FROM THE THIRD ACT IN WHICH THEY ARE HAVING A BUSINESS TALK.



"THE STORY OF A YOUNG EX-SERGEANT OF THE A.T.S. WHO HAS LEARNED SO MUCH DURING HER ARMY CAREER THAT SHE CANNOT AGAIN FACE HER SLUM": "FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING," BY TONI BLOCK, AT THE DUCHESS, SHOWING (L. TO R.) MR. HOLMES (NOEL CAREY); SHIRLEY (SUZANNE WILDE), MRS. HOLMES (KATHLEEN HARRISON), LILY (NOVA PILBEAM), AND DICKIE (WILLIAM STRANGE).

a pair of parts. In the mind it may be difficult to take Solanio from Salarino, Guildenstern from Rosencrantz, even Lysander from Demetrius, yet all come sharply from the text and have strong life in the theatre. And they do linger with us. We have only to hear their names and a bell rings. In future I shall always see Rosencrantz and Guildenstern as they appear in the present Old Vic revival, a suave, sinister couple, insincerity in every flourish and inflection. Hamlet's schoolfellow "friendship" with them can never have been firm-rooted.

I found myself thinking of Marcellus and the rest after listening to four or five recent plays by young writers. Not many dramatists are able to establish their people at once, to whip them before us in a word, to anchor them in remembrance. Already I notice that characters met in the last ten days or so are beginning to fade: they have not been sketched in permanent ink. In a year, no doubt, I shall be looking at the names of Jacques Breval, George Bernard, Lily Holmes, and George Lurgan, and shaking my head in dismay. It is as if one were told to mark



A PLAY WHICH HAS TAKEN A LONG TIME TO REACH CENTRAL LONDON: "FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING," BY TONI BLOCK, AT THE DUCHESS, SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT IN WHICH SID BRINGS BACK HIS WIFE'S SHOPPING. (L. TO R.) GLADYS (MYRTLE REED), SID (BARRY STEELE), MRS. HOLMES (KATHLEEN HARRISON), DICKIE (WILLIAM STRANGE). THIS PLAY WAS FIRST PRODUCED AT THE NEW LINDSEY TWO YEARS AGO.

ingenious; but it is not the way to persuade the hearer. Mr. Webber should be a dramatist of quality; his name must go high on the waiting list. Yet, for all its incidental felicities, "Man of the World" is clouded. Now, only a week since the première, I think first of Roger Livesey's charged and endearing

career that she cannot again face her slum. Although it remains thoughtful and agreeably-devised, somehow the edge is off. Kathleen Harrison never forces an East End "Mum" who will be fated, I am afraid, to vanish into the stage army of Cockney "Mums," and both Nova Pilbeam (as Lily, who yearns for music and art) and Barry Morse, as her potential husband, are direct and true. But some of the smaller parts are done indifferently, and the evening is less impressive than we had hoped.

George Lurgan? Yes, I remember. He was a street-market's quack doctor in a luckless play called "The Medicine Man" (Embassy). There was a notion here; but the author drowned it in a torrent of words, and to-day, after a lapse of time, I am no longer sure what it was all about. In brief, the playgoing fortnight offered neither play nor character likely to last—this although there were some impressive single scenes and a good deal of highly competent acting. George Bernard, Jacques Breval, Lily Holmes: they do well enough for an hour or so, but they do not hold our minds. On the other hand, Marcellus and Bernardo are always there, or ought to be. . . .

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MAN OF THE WORLD" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—The dramatist, C. E. Webber, has spoiled his piece by its snap-snap construction. It is acted appreciatively by Roger Livesey, Ursula Jeans, and Wynne Clark, and produced with resource; but its story of the enlightened (and fated) cosmopolitan financier would have been better as a plain tale.

"FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING" (Duchess).—Toni Block's play of the impact of Chopin and El Greco upon a young ex-sergeant of the A.T.S. from the "lower income-groups" of the East End, has taken a long time to reach Central London. Its flowers are fading a little. Even so, there is merit in the unpretentious piece, and it has Kathleen Harrison, Nova Pilbeam and Barry Morse to illuminate its leading parts.

"THE PURPLE FIG-TREE" (Piccadilly).—A moderately stirring melodrama of Greece by a young author, George Ralli. It was produced, on the night after the General Election, before an audience with a split mind. The house was generous to it, and would have liked it better still if the first act had been stronger.

"HARVEY" (Prince of Wales).—Leslie Henson does not get us to see the famous white rabbit as Sid Field did; but his unfailing charm and his repertory of facial expressions—from carp to tortoise—keep the party going.

## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND NEWS ITEMS.



**LORD WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY.**  
Appointed Lord Great Chamberlain of England in succession to his father, the Earl of Ancaster, who is 82, and has resigned owing to age and failing health. Lord Willoughby was Conservative M.P. for Rutland and Stamford from 1933 until this year. The office of Lord Great Chamberlain is unpaid and hereditary. Two families now share the succession to the office and change over at the beginning of each reign.



**MR. MAURICE WEBB.**  
Appointed Minister of Food and a Privy Councillor. Mr. Webb, who is 45, has been Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party since 1946 and is well known as a political journalist and broadcaster. He has given considerable study to cost-of-living problems. From 1929 to 1935 he was propaganda officer for the Labour Party.



**DR. EDITH SUMMERSKILL.**  
Appointed Minister of National Insurance. Dr. Summerskill, who is 49, was previously Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Food. She is M.P. for West Fulham and was first elected to Parliament in 1938. She is married to a doctor and has two children. From 1932 to 1938 she served on the Middlesex County Council.



**MR. P. GORDON-WALKER.**  
Appointed Secretary for Commonwealth Relations and a member of the Cabinet. He is 42 and was an Oxford history tutor. From 1940-44 he took over the B.B.C.'s broadcasts to German workers and in 1945 became the assistant German Service Director for the B.B.C. Educated at Wellington and Christ Church, Oxford.



**DR. D. L. PROSSER.**  
Died on February 28, aged eighty-two. He was Archbishop of Wales from 1944 until he retired last November through ill-health. He had been Bishop of St. David's since 1927. Educated at Llandaff and Keble College, Oxford, he was ordained in 1892. After curacies at Aberystwyth and Swansea, he was for eighteen years Vicar of Pembroke Dock. For several years he was also Archdeacon of St. David's.

**MAJOR K. G. YOUNGER.**

**MR. R. R. STOKES.**

**MR. J. DUGDALE.**

**MR. NESS EDWARDS.**

On March 1 Mr. Attlee announced the names of his new Ministry following the election. Seven of the new Ministers are shown on this page, four of them immediately above. Major the Hon. K. G. Younger, who is forty-two, has been appointed Minister of State. He succeeds Mr. McNeil at the Foreign Office; he was formerly Under-Secretary in the Home Office. Mr. R. R. Stokes, M.P. for Ipswich, who is fifty-three, is the new Minister of Works and a Privy Councillor. Mr. J. Dugdale, who is forty-five, has been appointed Minister of State for Colonial Affairs. Mr. Ness Edwards, who is fifty-two, succeeds Mr. Paling as Postmaster-General. He was formerly Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour.



**COLONEL D. CLIFTON BROWN.**  
Speaker of the House of Commons since 1943. He is seventy, and has stated that he will retire at the end of the present Parliament. He entered Parliament for Hexham in 1918 and has represented it since, save for a short break in 1923-24. He has been appointed hon. Colonel of the Northumberland Hussars, T.A.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF SHIPPING: SIR W. GUY ROPNER (LEFT)  
BEING INVESTED WITH THE BADGE OF OFFICE BY THE RETIRING  
PRESIDENT, SIR COLIN ANDERSON, ON MARCH 2.



**MME. MASSIGLI.**  
Wife of the French Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Prominent in connection with the preparations for the visit of M. and Mme. Auriol and in organising the banquet and reception arranged for March 8 at the French Embassy, where M. and Mme. Auriol arranged to entertain the King and Queen.



**GENERAL G. REVERS.**  
A French Parliamentary inquiry is in progress into the leakage of a General Staff secret report on military conditions in Indo-China, written by General Revers, former Chief of the Army General Staff, advocating the replacement of M. Pignon, civil High Commissioner, by General Mast. Arrests and charges were made [Continued below.]



**GENERAL C. MAST.**  
[Continued.] In Paris last year, but proceedings were dropped. General Mast was retired and General Revers removed from his post. The inquiry was re-opened in consequence of an article in an American review. A. M. Peyré (now in Brazil) is alleged to have been involved.



THE DEATH OF A FORMER PRESIDENT OF FRANCE: M. ALBERT LEBRUN, WHO DIED ON MARCH 6.  
On the eve of the arrival of the President of France for an official visit to this country, news was received of the death of M. Albert Lebrun, at the age of seventy-eight. It is eleven years ago this month that M. Lebrun, then President of France, paid his State visit to London with his wife. In 1940 M. Lebrun abdicated in favour of Pétain and disappeared from public life.



**CAPTAIN EUGENE KARPE.**  
American Naval Attaché in Bucharest, whose mutilated body was found in a tunnel near Salzburg on February 23. He was a close friend of Mr. Vogeler, who was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment on spy charges. His death aroused much speculation, but it is thought that it was probably accidental."



**MR. MICHAEL SHIPKOV.**  
A translator at the U.S. Legation in Sofia, who was arrested, released and re-arrested by the Bulgarian authorities. During his release he took refuge in the Legation and wrote an affidavit describing how the Iron Curtain countries produce "confessions" by employing mental and physical torture.

IN FLOODLIT BEAUTY IN HONOUR OF FRANCE:  
LONDON MONUMENTS, AND WRECKED SPLENDOUR.



SEEN ACROSS THE THAMES: THE IMPOSING FAÇADE OF SOMERSET HOUSE, NEARLY 600 FT. LONG, ON A TERRACE 50 FT. ABOVE THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.



SHOWING THE FAMOUS BALCONY, ON WHICH THEIR MAJESTIES HAVE APPEARED ON MANY HISTORIC OCCASIONS: THE EAST FRONT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE FROM THE MALL.



DESIGNED BY WILLIAM KENT ABOUT 1751: THE HORSE GUARDS, SHOWING THE CLOCK TOWER AND THE ARCH. IT STANDS ON THE WEST SIDE OF WHITEHALL.

London prepared a joyous, whole-hearted welcome to M. Auriol, First President of the Fourth French Republic, and Mme. Auriol. Not only were the streets gay with decorations, but by night it was arranged that our capital should be clad in floodlit splendour from Buckingham Palace and the Quadriga at Hyde Park Corner in the south-west, to St. Paul's Cathedral in the east. The great buildings along the Thames were chosen for illumination, and Whitehall, Trafalgar Square and the Law



WITH FOUR SEARCHLIGHTS CONVERGING ON THE BALL AND CROSS WHICH CROWN THE MIGHTY DOME: ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, HEART OF THE CITY OF LONDON.



STATELY IN ITS RUINED BEAUTY, RECALLING LONDON'S WAR ORDEAL BY FIRE AND ENEMY BOMBING: THE MIDDLE TEMPLE OLD LIBRARY, STANDING ROOFLESS.

Courts were other focal points of the display. Our photographs, taken at a rehearsal of the arrangements on the Sunday night, give an excellent representation of the beautiful effects. Somerset House, splendidly impressive from across the Thames, is a very fine example of the Palladian style, built by Sir William Chambers in 1777-86. St. Paul's magnificent dome, 102 ft. in diameter, never looks more splendid than when it is illuminated, and the simple dignity and clean lines of the Horse Guards are shown up to great advantage by lighting. The brilliant flooding of the scarred and battered ancient Old Temple Library showed beauty in ruins, for the edifice was very severely damaged during the bombing of London, and is now roofless. Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple and Gray's Inn are the four great Inns of Court.

TOPICAL EVENTS AND NEWS:  
IN ENGLAND AND ABROAD.



THE FISSURE IN BEACHY HEAD, EASTBOURNE : A PHOTOGRAPH INDICATING THE EXTENT OF THE GREAT CRACK. Concern has been caused among inhabitants of Eastbourne by the appearance of a deep crack on Beachy Head, most popular resort for visitors in search of an invigorating "sea-blow." It is nearly a hundred yards long, and is responsible for the erection of fencing to protect holidaymakers from danger.



EPILOGUE OF THE GENERAL ELECTION : SACKS CONTAINING THE SECRET VOTES OF BRITAIN BEING HOISTED INTO STORE. The millions of voting papers on which the people of this country record their political wishes in the secret ballot of a General Election are always stored in darkness and seclusion for a year and a day before their destruction. Our photograph shows stacks of them being hauled up the spiral staircase of the Victoria Tower, Palace of Westminster, in sacks.



A DÉBUTANT M.P. : CROSSING THE BAR OF THE HOUSE WITH THE MEMBER WHO WILL INTRODUCE HIM (RIGHT). The new House of Commons met on March 2 to complete the ceremony of electing the Speaker and afterwards for the swearing-in of Members. When the Speaker-elect appeared in the Chamber, which had been prepared for the State Opening, just before 2.30, the appointed hour, almost every seat on both sides was occupied.



BLOWN INLAND DURING A FEBRUARY GALE : A LITTLE AUK, WHICH WAS FOUND IN A DISTRESSED CONDITION INLAND NEAR WEYMOUTH, IN DORSET. Recent severe weather in the Channel has blown Little Auks inland in a distressed condition, probably due to its being difficult for them to get food. One was recently found in a brook near Motcombe, Dorset, and we give here a reader's photograph of one found inland near Weymouth. Though a regular winter visitor to our northern shores, the Little Auk (*Alle alle*) is rarely seen in the south except when blown inland.



LIKE A COCKSPUR STREET MODEL ON "A PAINTED SEA" : AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE CUNARD WHITE STAR LINER CARONIA SURROUNDED BY SMALL BOATS AS SHE LAY IN ADEN BAY. CARONIA, WHICH HAS A GROSS TONNAGE OF 34,183, IS THE LARGEST POST-WAR LINER, AND WAS PLANNED FOR CRUISING AS WELL AS TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE.



THE QUEEN AT THE "W.V.S. WORK TO-DAY" EXHIBITION : HER MAJESTY EXAMINING A MODEL OF A MODERN HOSPITAL, COMPLETE WITH AMBULANCE AND STAFF CAR IN MINIATURE. On March 2 the Queen visited the recent "W.V.S. Work To-day" Exhibition at the Tea Centre. The model of a modern hospital calls attention to the wide scope of W.V.S. work in connection with hospitals. This includes library services (in conjunction with the Red Cross and St John), canteens



WITH STELLA, MARCHIONESS OF READING, CHIEF OF THE W.V.S. : THE QUEEN LOOKING AT A MODEL ILLUSTRATING THE WELL-KNOWN W.V.S. "GARDEN GIFT" SCHEME. for out-patients, visiting mental homes, remedial therapy, the operation of trolley-shops in wards, guide work, driving, the making of appointments for patients, and so forth. The "Garden Gift" scheme has now been extended from prefabricated houses only to cover new housing estates.

## ASHORE AND AFLOAT: ROMAN BRITAIN; A GIANT FLYING-BOAT, AND SEA-RESCUES.



A RECENT FIND OF ROMAN POTTERY IN CANTERBURY: A SAMIAN WARE BOWL AND TWO SAMIAN CUPS, BOTH STAMPED WITH THE SAME POTTER'S NAME.

For some months work has been carried out by the Canterbury Excavations Committee on bomb sites around St. George's Street, Canterbury. Among the recent finds are the Samian-ware bowl and two cups illustrated here. The bowl is decorated with scenes of gladiatorial combat and the cups are stamped with the same potter's name. They are dated about A.D. 50. A Samian-ware plate (c. A.D. 110-120); an Upchurch ware carinated beaker (c. A.D. 50-80) and a bowl with a gold-coloured mica-dusted coating, probably made at Trier, in Roman-occupied Germany (c. A.D. 120), were also found. Much of the work of excavation is carried out by local amateur archaeologists in their spare time.

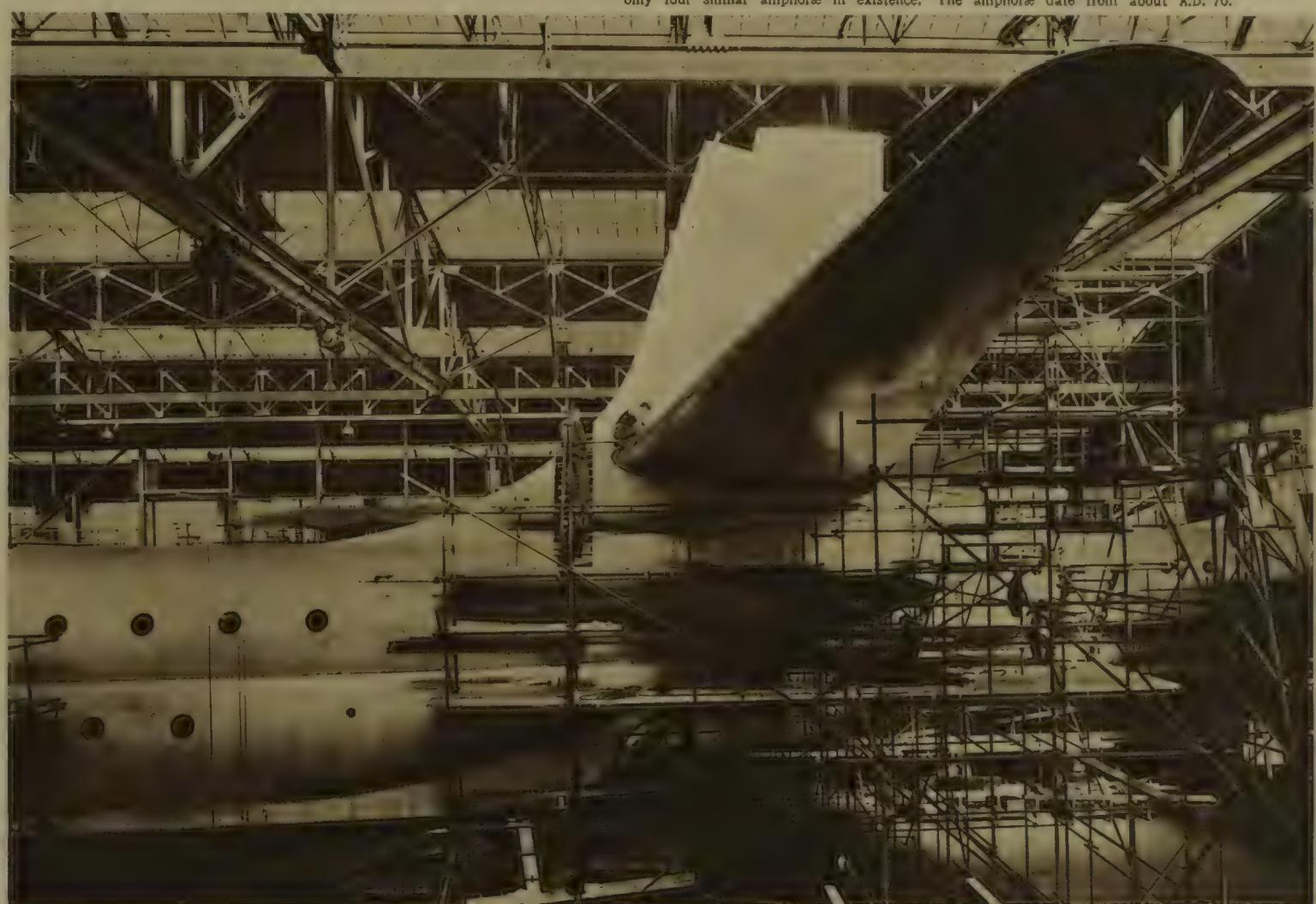
(RIGHT.)

SHOWING THE TAILPLANE WHICH IS AS LARGE AS THE MAINPLANE OF A MODERN AIR-LINER: THE SAUNDERS - ROE SR.45 PRINCESS UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT COVES FOR B.O.A.C., THE FIRST OF THREE NEARING COMPLETION.

The first of three giant 140-ton flying-boats being built for B.O.A.C. at Messrs. Saunders-Roe factory at Cowes is now nearing completion. As the roof of the erecting-shop is not high enough to allow the complete tail-fin to be fitted in the factory, it will be added together with the outer mainplanes when the aircraft is moved out of the workshops. In building the hull 1469 sq. yards of metal plating and 3,000,000 rivets have been used and the tail-planes are as large as the mainplanes of a modern airliner. The flying-boat will be powered by ten Bristol *Proteus* Mark III. airscrew gas-turbines, which should give it a cruising speed of approximately 385 m.p.h. with a range of 5500 miles. It will carry from 85 to 140 passengers, according to the type of accommodation provided.



ROMAN LONDON: ARCHAEOLOGISTS UNEARTHING TWO AMPHORÆ ON A BOMBED SITE IN WALBROOK, NEAR THE MANSION HOUSE, WHERE THE GROUND IS BEING PREPARED FOR REBUILDING. On March 5 a party of archaeologists led by Mr. I. Noel-Hume of the Guildhall Museum, unearthed two Roman amphoræ, or wine-vessels, on a bombed site near the Mansion House. There are believed to be only four similar amphoræ in existence. The amphoræ date from about A.D. 70.



THE ROYAL NAVY TO THE RESCUE: H.M.S. CHILDERS CLOSING IN ON THE BURNING BRITISH CARGO-SHIP BENLEDI TO FIGHT THE FIRE.

As recorded in our issue of March 4, the British cargo-ship *Benledi* caught fire on February 24 160 miles east of Malta. The crew took to the boats and were picked up by the tanker *British Liberty*, while the destroyer H.M.S. *Childers* secured alongside the blazing vessel and fought the flames.



AGROUND AND POUNDED BY THE SEA ON THE COAST OF ICELAND: THE BRITISH TANKER CLAM, WHICH STRANDED WITH HEAVY LOSS OF LIFE.

On February 28 the British tanker *Clam*, which was being towed from Reykjavik to Cardiff for repairs, broke away from the tug and was driven aground near Reykjanes lighthouse on the south-west coast of Iceland. Twenty-seven members of the crew were lost when two lifeboats capsized, others were rescued by breeches-buoy.

## IN THE NEWS: A CAMERA SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



LOOKING AT THE ELECTION POSTERS ALTHOUGH SHE CANNOT VOTE: A GREEK WOMAN IN ATHENS. ACCORDING TO THE GREEK ELECTORAL LAW, WOMEN MAY ONLY VOTE IN MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.



A WEEK BEFORE POLLING DAY: THE SCENE IN A SQUARE IN ATHENS ON FEBRUARY 26 AS GENERAL PLASTIRAS WOODED VOTERS WITH THE HELP OF LOUD-SPEAKERS.

The Greeks went to the polls on March 5 for their General Election, the second to be held since the war. The voters had ten single parties and fourteen others, merged in electoral coalitions, from which to choose. In addition there were countless independent candidates. In all, about 3000 candidates contested 250 seats. The Greek Communist Party was disallowed by law from taking part in the elections. The weather on Polling Day was unusually wet; the polling was quiet and orderly.



THE INDONESIAN AMBASSADOR TO LONDON: MR. SUBANDRIO, WITH HIS WIFE, IN HOLLAND.

On February 24 Mr. Subandrio was appointed Indonesian Ambassador in London. He is thirty-six years old, a surgeon by profession, and represented the Indonesian Republic in Britain from 1947; after the transfer of sovereignty he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires for the Indonesian Federation. Our photograph shows him in Holland en route for London.



REOCCUPYING THEIR FORMER COLONY UNDER U.N. TRUSTEESHIP: ITALIAN TROOPS PREPARING TO DISEMBARK AT MOGADISHU.

The first Italian troops disembarked in Somaliland on February 20, to reoccupy their former colony under United Nations trusteeship. The Italian troops were driven with British escorts to camps on the outskirts of the town, where they will remain until the final take-over from the British in a few weeks' time. The Italian régime will last for ten years prior to the country achieving independence.



CHAMPION SKI-JUMPERS: S. WEILER (LEFT) CONGRATULATING DAN NETZELL AFTER HIS RECORD LEAP AT OBERSTDORF. The twenty-seven-year-old skier Dan Netzell claimed a new world long-distance ski-jump record with a leap of 135 metres on the new ski hill at Oberstdorf, Germany, on March 3. On the day before, the German Champion, S. Weiler jumped 133 metres, and two days earlier W. Gantschnig, of Austria, made a leap of 124 metres. All three ski-jumps were improvements on the world long-distance record.



AT A LONDON EXHIBITION OF DANISH ARCHITECTURE: A SECTION OF A CHAIN OF HOUSES IN KLAMPENBORG DESIGNED BY ARNE JACOBSEN.

An exhibition entitled "Danish Architecture of To-day" was opened at the Royal Institute of British Architects in Portland Place by the Danish Ambassador on February 27. The exhibition consists of photographs, plans and models of recent buildings, and housing and town-planning projects. Mr. Finn Juhl, a Danish architect, designed the exhibition, which will remain open until March 29.



ILLUSTRATING THE CARE GIVEN TO LANDSCAPING: A SCHEME FOR A BLOCK OF FLATS AT BELLAHØJ, BY TAGE NIELSEN AND MOGENS IRMING, AT THE DANISH EXHIBITION.

## ASPECTS OF THE FAIR LAND OF FRANCE: VIEWED BY SOME OF HER NATIVE ARTISTS.

THOSE who rose still unsatisfied from the recent banquet of French Landscape beauty at the Royal Academy will be delighted that a second course has, so to speak, been provided by the exhibition of "French Masters of the 19th and 20th Century" at the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery in Old Bond Street, which was due to open on March 6 and will continue until the end of April. The fine works on view include examples of the art of Eugène Boudin, Gustave Courbet, J. B. Jongkind, Edgar Degas, and other great Masters who were represented at Burlington House, but, by including paintings by later men, it carries the great serial story of French genius [Continued below.]



"PARIS, LE PONT DES ARTS"; BY STANISLAS LÉPINE (CAEN 1835-PARIS 1892). ONE OF THE WORKS ON VIEW AT THE EXHIBITION OF "FRENCH MASTERS OF THE 19TH AND 20TH CENTURY," AT THE MARLBOROUGH FINE ART GALLERY.



"RETURN OF THE FISHERMEN, BERCK, NORMANDY"; BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (HONFLEUR 1824-DEAUVILLE 1898). BOUDIN IS CELEBRATED FOR HIS COAST AND PLAGE SCENES. [Continued.]

several stages further on; and thus impresses us with the grand continuity and steady development which are such salient characteristics of French painting. Although every fine painter is original, yet the source and inspiration of his art, as a rule, may be traced back to the genius of his ancestors and the spirit of his homeland. The works now at the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery include paintings by such artists as Picasso, Vuillard, Matisse and Dufy, painters who did not come into the period—1550-1900—covered by the recent exhibition of "Landscape in French Art" at the Royal Academy. [Continued above, right.]



"PAYSAGE AU CLAIR DE LUNE"; BY JOHAN BARTHOLD JONGKIND (LATROPI [HOLLAND] 1819-LA CÔTE ST. ANDRÉ, ISÈRE, 1891). THOUGH OF DUTCH BIRTH, THIS ARTIST IS CONSIDERED OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL.



"VUE DE CAMARET"; BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (HONFLEUR 1824-DEAUVILLE 1898), A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT THE MARLBOROUGH FINE ART GALLERY. [Continued.]

but who are lineal descendants of the earlier artists who were represented there. Boudin, one of the most enchanting of nineteenth-century landscape painters, may be studied admirably in the current exhibition at the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery. He turned to landscape—a province for which he was admirably suited—after painting genre scenes, and worked with Isabey and Troyon. Although he was the first teacher of Monet, and his work was admired by Monet's friends, he had but slight contacts with the Impressionists and only showed with them at their first group exhibition in 1874. Johan Barthold Jongkind was born in Holland, but ranks as an artist of the French [Continued below.]



"SUR LA JETÉE"; BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (HONFLEUR 1824-DEAUVILLE 1898). A CHARACTERISTIC AND BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE ART OF THIS PAINTER.



"LA BAIGNADE AU CLAIR DE LUNE"; BY STANISLAS LÉPINE (CAEN 1835-PARIS 1892), AN ARTIST WHO PAINTED CHIEFLY IN PARIS AND CAEN AND ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE. [Continued.]

school. He came to Paris in 1846 to become the pupil of Isabey, and travelled extensively through France, Flanders and Switzerland painting directly from nature. He also visited London. He was a friend of Boudin, Cals and Courbet and, like Boudin, advised Monet. Stanislas Victor Edouard Lépine, a pupil of Corot, the father of the Barbizon School, was also a member of the Boudin-Jongkind group and acquainted with the Impressionists. He led a very quiet life, painting chiefly in Paris and Caen, and on the banks of the Seine, and the peaceful atmosphere which his paintings radiate may well seem an emanation from his tranquil personality. Landscape painting is a form of art which has always exercised a great appeal to the people of this country, and there is no doubt that our own Wilson was greatly influenced by such French artists as Claude, and that the French Impressionists, in their turn, saw much to admire in Constable and in Turner whose preoccupation with light greatly interested them.



A MONG the exhibits at the recent Exhibition of Landscape in French Art at Burlington House was something which one could not examine in detail, but which must have made innumerable mouths water. It was a volume containing about 270 etchings and 146 drawings by Jacques Callot, recently discovered at Chatsworth by Mr. Francis Thompson, librarian to the Duke of Devonshire. It contains drawings upon which were based most of Callot's landscape etchings, and was acquired by the second Duke of Devonshire (1672-1729) in Paris. Apart from this and other drawings and etchings in the exhibition, Colnaghi's staged a small show of seventeenth-century etchings in their own gallery, and included a half-dozen or so from his hand. In addition, there are the etchings and drawings in the British Museum, and among them a little-known and wholly delightful book of thirty-seven pages—a real holiday sketch-book of the year 1620—in which Callot records, sometimes in pen, sometimes in water-colour his impressions of scenes in Minorca and Sicily. Who was this Callot? In the first place, a man of character and feeling, as witness the story of his rebuke to Louis XIII., when—after the campaign which brought Lorraine under the French Monarchy—Callot, a Lorrainer, was asked to engrave a plate to commemorate the fall of Nancy. He refused, saying that he could not celebrate the humiliation of his native land. The King remarked that the Dukes of Lorraine were fortunate in having such loyal subjects. This was in 1633. He had served Richelieu and Louis in Paris in 1629-30, where, among other things, he executed the well-known plate of the Siege of La Rochelle, with four scenes in the border, in one of which appear the English prisoners who were the unfortunate victims of this most unhappy expedition under the command of the Duke of Buckingham. The independence of spirit to which this story bears witness was an essential part of the man, and, indeed, of the child: at the age of forty he could tactfully rebuke a king, when he was twelve he ran away from home—a most respectable home.

His father had an assured position in the service of the Duke of Lorraine at Nancy, owned an estate and was herald and King-at-Arms. The boy had one ambition, to go to Italy, and to Italy he went in the company of a band of gypsies, reaching Florence after two months on the road. Thence he found his way to Rome, where he met some merchants from Nancy, who restored him to his parents, but not for long. He ran away again and was pursued by his elder brother, who caught up with him in Turin. His third journey was less adventurous: his father at length consented to his

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ETCHINGS BY JACQUES CALLOT (1592-1635).

By FRANK DAVIS.

departure, and in 1609 he arrived in Rome as a member of the ambassadorial suite. For two years he was a pupil of Thomassin, whose reputation as an engraver has suffered the inevitable fate which attends the masters of exceptional young men. Poor Thomassin, a shadowy figure in any case, had been more than usually unfortunate. He was elderly, he doted upon a young and pretty wife, and doting husbands are fair game in the eyes of industrious writers of anecdotes. Jacques found it expedient to

better than he could write the jingle which appears in the top left-hand corner. "You who take pleasure in their words, look to your pockets." ("Blancs," "testons" and "pistoles" were all current coins.) In the lengthy series "The Beggars" (Figs. 2 and 3) he exhibits those same powers of observation, while in pure landscape (Fig. 1) he holds his own with any but the greatest of his time. His influence, both during his lifetime and after his death, was enormous, and he was appreciated in England no less than across

the Channel. For example, William Faithorne, in the little book on etching published in 1662, refers to "the manner and method of that famous Callot" on the title-page, and in the text says, "we are obliged to that Renowned Callot . . . who hath not only practised, but also hath been so courteous as to discover in the French tongue, this Art unto his countrymen."

For several generations he was not only admired as a consummate draughtsman and etcher, but—on the strength mainly of the well-known series "The Miseries of War"—venerated as a pungent satirist. In this respect most of us nowadays feel that our ancestors ranked him too high—or, rather, attributed to him qualities which he did

not possess. His elegant, graceful and wittily composed scenes lack that moral fervour which is the mark of genuine satire—they cannot be compared with the passionate and terrible etchings which Goya was destined to give to the world nearly 200 years later. This is not to drag him down from a pedestal, but to keep him upon the lofty one he built for himself. Those who, like so many of us, spent far less time at the Burlington House Show than we could wish, may care to be reminded that there is an excellent illustration of one of Callot's drawings in the little book which was on sale at the entrance—the drawing of the Pitti Palace lent by H.M. the King, which gives an admirable notion of his style—small groups of people and vehicles observed with the eye of the born

journalist, providing movement and contrast against the magnificence of the architectural background.

While he has been seen in London to such advantage during the past few months in the midst of great landscapes, I read now that anyone who is fortunate enough to be in Paris during the next few weeks will find him represented by at least one fine drawing in an exhibition of French drawings of five centuries at the Orangerie, where his position in his country's art can be studied from a different viewpoint. After that, of course, all one needs is another lifetime in which to enjoy not only the prints and drawings of Callot himself, but of his contemporaries and followers during the whole of the seventeenth century; by

then one may really begin to appreciate him and be ready to embark upon further delightful discoveries. How do people manage to get bored?



FIG. 1. "Le Moulin à Eau" ("THE WATER MILL"); AN ETCHING BY JACQUES CALLOT (1592-1635). (FIRST STATE.) "In pure landscape he holds his own with any but the greatest of his time," writes Frank Davis of Jacques Callot, whose art he discusses on this page.



FIG. 2. "La Vieille aux Chats" ("THE OLD WOMAN WITH CATS"); AN ETCHING BY JACQUES CALLOT (1592-1635). (FIRST STATE.)

One of the series of etchings known as "Les Gueux" ("The Beggars"), which exhibit the remarkable powers of observation of the artist, Jacques Callot.

leave Rome and to settle in Florence, and there he remained from 1611 to 1621, immensely popular with the Court of the Grand Duke Cosimo II. The Duke's death deprived him of a regular income, and he returned to his native Lorraine. He died, it is said, as any man of his calibre would wish to die, burin in hand, bending over a copper plate he was about to plunge into its bath of acid. From so lively and independent a character one would expect a lively and vivacious line, and one is not disappointed. For example, the set of four "Gipsies," of which one (Fig. 4) is reproduced here, shows him full of invention, each little incident accurately observed—the cats on the roof, the man climbing into the barn, the woman handing out a chicken, the whole area astir, while the owners stand entranced



FIG. 3. "L'Aveugle et son Chien" ("THE BLIND MAN AND HIS DOG"); AN ETCHING FROM "Les Gueux" BY JACQUES CALLOT (1592-1635). (FIRST STATE.)

Callot's etchings are principally done with hard varnish (vernis de luthiers), a method of his own invention. "Les Gueux" ("The Beggars") is a set of twenty-five.



FIG. 4. "La Halte des Bohémiens; les discours de bonne aventure" ("THE GIPSIES' STOPPING-PLACE; THE FORTUNE-TELLERS"); AN ETCHING BY JACQUES CALLOT (1592-1635). (SECOND STATE.)

"Not for nothing," writes Frank Davis, "had the boy Jacques travelled the long roads with the gypsies, and none better than he could write the jingle which appears in the top left-hand corner—'You who take pleasure in their words, look to your pockets.' ('Blancs,' 'testons' and 'pistoles' were all current coins.)"

Reproductions on this page by Courtesy of Messrs. Colnaghi.

by the fortune-teller. It is a fine baroque composition, with the tree adding weight and meaning to the whole. Not for nothing had the boy Jacques travelled the long roads with the gypsies, and none



RESEMBLING IN FLIGHT THE PTERODACTYLS OF THE JURASSIC PERIOD: "BROWN PELICANS"; BY ALLAN D. CRUICKSHANK—AN UNUSUAL STUDY OF A FAMILIAR BIRD.

## WILD LIFE IN THE CAMERA'S EYE: SUBJECTS OF INTEREST FROM A NOTABLE EXHIBITION.



ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OF WILD BEASTS SHOT WITH A CAMERA AT CLOSE RANGE: "RHINOCEROS"; BY CAPTAIN KEITH CALDWELL.



A LIVING JEWEL BESIDE THE STILL WATERS: "FROG ON A LAKE NEAR TUBINGEN, GERMANY"; BY ALBRECHT H. BRUGGER.



THE DRACULA OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM ENJOYING ITS GHASTLY MEAL: "VAMPIRE BAT LAPING BLOOD FROM FOOT OF GOAT"; BY RAY E. JOHNSON.



RUBBING HEADS, PERHAPS AS A TOKEN OF AFFECTION: "SERENGETI LION AND LIONESS"; BY MRS. A. MOORE, TANGANYIKA—AN AMUSING STUDY OF THE KING OF BEASTS.

Here and on page 383 we illustrate some of the studies of animal life which will be on exhibition at the Second International Exhibition of Wild Life Photography, organised by the proprietors of *Country Life*, in the Central Hall, Westminster, from March 20 to April 1. Over 4000 entries were received for the exhibition from all parts of the world and from these 1400 subjects have been selected. These photographs will be divided into sections of mammals, birds, insects, fish and amphibia and, in addition, there will be a section devoted to colour transparencies. The quality of the entries provides striking evidence of the great advance that has been made in photography during the last fifteen years. During the course of the Exhibition, lectures, illustrated by films or slides, will be given twice daily, and it is



A STUDY IN OVERCROWDING: "BATS IN THE BELFRY," JAVA; BY R. CARDWELL—AN EXHIBIT AT THE EXHIBITION OF WILD LIFE PHOTOGRAPHY.

claimed that the Nature films will undoubtedly be the finest ever shown at one exhibition and the majority are in colour. M. François Edmond-Blanc is expected to be present to show the first film of gorillas ever taken in their wild state, and the National Film Board of Canada are sending a series of short colour films of Canadian birds. The Institute for the National Parks of the Belgian Congo is sending a film on the Belgian Congo entitled "Wheels Across Africa."



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### "BLOOD FROM A STONE"—A MITE CAUSES A STIR.

By ERNEST BROWNING.

IT all started with a schoolboy in Coventry in September, 1949. The boy, who should be commended for his sharp eyes and initiative, thought he would play a joke on his school-friends. He told them he could get blood from a stone—which he proceeded to do. The explanation was that he had found certain stones on a football pitch on a piece of waste ground, and by pressing his nails into the cracks of the stones produced a red liquid, apparently from some tiny white objects adhering there. His school-

August, 1841, Dr. G. A. Mantell sent some pebbles gathered at Clapham Common, London, to Professor J. W. Bailey, of West Point (U.S.A.). In the letter accompanying them, he remarked: "I send you a pebble or two of flint, to which is adhering that exquisite microscopic fungus, the *Craterium pyriforme*, which is as white as snow, and upon being punctured gives out a bright scarlet fluid. I have had pebbles on my mantelpiece for months, and yet the vegetable was alive and bled as usual. . . ." On November 15, 1841, Professor Bailey remarked to Mr. B. Silliman: "These specimens having made me acquainted with the form and mode of growth of this interesting plant, I was led to seek it on our own rocks, and on the very first stone which I examined, and which I picked up within a hundred yards of my house at West Point, I found it growing abundantly."

Subsequently, in the year 1842, Professor Bailey found that the supposed "*Craterium pyriforme*" was really an *Acarus*, the red fluid arising from the puncture of the enclosed animal when in an embryonic state. About this time, Mr. White also found, to his great astonishment, that each of the supposed fungi contained an *Acarus* of red colour, having six legs, and at a meeting of the Microscopical Society produced specimens of the animal in various stages of development.

A note published in Cooper's "Microscopical Journal" for 1842 records "That the pebbles of the gravel on Blackheath and the neighbourhood are at present time abundantly covered with the ova of the *Acarus* lately described by Mr. White and formerly considered as a fungus under the name of *Craterium pyriforme*. . . . We have lately seen specimens of the same deposit on pebbles from Lincolnshire and from Devonshire or Cornwall in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, from which it would appear to be very generally distributed throughout the country."

In describing these curious deposits which have confused experts and also led to strange news headlines, they may be said to resemble tiny saucers, dead-white in colour, furnished on top with a lid patterned with radiating ridges and elevated to an obtuse cone at the centre, its outside edge extending beyond the circumference of the lower part. On lifting the lid, a red, soft-shelled egg, about  $\frac{1}{200}$ th of an inch in diameter, is exposed, which when punctured emits a scarlet fluid. The eggs are deposited in vast numbers in the depressions and cracks and on the undersides of stones, on pieces of wood and on the stalks of plants. A small ornamented button, only 11 millimetres in diameter, for example, found lying in a garden, had as many as 135 eggs deposited on it.

The stones from Coventry and Croydon were subjected to day-to-day examination under the microscope from September onwards, and early in January larvæ were seen in the act of emerging from their eggs. The larva is bright scarlet in colour, with two large blackish spots, one on each side of the body. There are six legs only in place of the characteristic eight in the adult, and the wrinkled skin bears a number of medium-length hairs. The body is  $\frac{1}{100}$ th of an inch long and  $\frac{1}{150}$ th of an inch across. This corresponds to the description of the larva of *Petrobia lapidum* given by Hermann in 1804, who also at the same time described the adult, his description fitting the adults brought in by Mr. Palmer. So the chain of evidence is fairly complete. The eight legs of the adult *Petrobia* are comparatively much longer than those of the larva. The first pair are held in the air and used mainly in a sensory capacity rather than for walking. The body  $\frac{1}{50}$ th of

an inch long and  $\frac{1}{80}$ th of an inch across, is brick red, often with a black mark down the middle of the back, where the gut content shows through the integument. The skin of the adult also has a wrinkled appearance, but this tends to disappear as the body becomes distended with food.

*Petrobia lapidum* (Hermann) belongs to the family of mites (*Acaris*) known as Tetranychidae, to which family the better-known "Red Spiders" belong. It somewhat resembles *Bryobia*, "the Clover or Gooseberry Mite," and, in fact, was at one time placed in the same genus, though it is clearly distinct from it. The mite feeds on the juices of plants, and has been recorded as attacking particularly the seedlings of cultivated onions. Both eggs and mites have been recorded several times in countless numbers on stones on commons in England, also on stones in ditches along a highway in France, and in Germany, Sweden, and in North America, so that the species is evidently common over a wide area in spite of the sparseness of our records.

Mites may be divided into three classes: those that are definitely harmful, those that are useful, and those that are neither one nor the other, yet have a very important part to play in the natural balance. The harmful species are the vectors of disease, such as *Trombicula akamushi*, responsible for Japanese River fever; those that give rise



SHOWING THE FOUR PAIRS OF LEGS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE ARACHNIDS (SPIDERS AND THEIR LIKE): A PHOTOMICROGRAPH OF THE ADULT OF *PETROBIA LAPIDUM*.

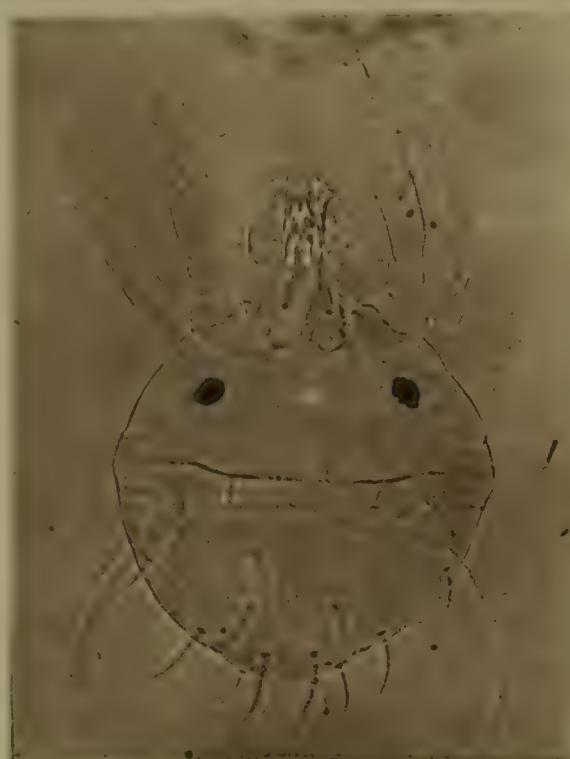
This mite superficially resembles the common "red spider" and, like the latter, feeds on the juices of plants. It has been found roaming over stones on commons and it lays the curious eggs illustrated on this page. It is brick-red in colour and measures  $\frac{1}{50}$ th of an inch long and  $\frac{1}{80}$ th of an inch wide.

Photomicrographs by H. M. Malles, F.R.M.S.

master, Mr. H. H. Patrick, who happened to be an entomologist, heard of this, and realising that here was something out of the ordinary, sent some of these stones to the British Museum (Natural History) for the identification of the small white objects adhering to them.

It so happened that shortly afterwards some mites were brought to the Museum by Mr. G. Palmer which were swarming in countless numbers on a path in his garden, near Croydon. In the course of investigating these, it soon became clear that the tiny white objects on the stones from Coventry were the eggs of the same species of mite from Mr. Palmer's garden. In fact, it was pointed out to him that the mites may have deposited a number of eggs in his garden, and the next day he produced several stones with many eggs adhering to the undersides and in the depressions and cracks. Nevertheless, as with all investigations of this sort, the expert likes to take his time and check and re-check his results, so that the reply sent by the Museum to Coventry was that the identification of the eggs was uncertain and that they should be hatched out to see what sort of animal would appear. This led to a headline in a local paper: "Experts Baffled." In a sense this was correct, but not to the extent that the headline suggested. In the meantime, the schoolmaster had wisely referred the matter to the local Medical Officer for Health and to the Parks and Cemeteries Committee, on the grounds that this was something new in his experience, and might conceivably be a pest needing further watching and, possibly, some drastic action. All appropriate steps having been taken by the parties concerned, the story tended to get out of hand and the mite responsible for the eggs was being described as a "Flesh-eating spider," with ultimately a news headline, "Flesh-eating-Spiders of Coventry—strange creatures from Mars with the legs of ants and the shell of a snail."

The history of these eggs in Great Britain is, however, extremely interesting. They were first recorded by Mr. C. G. White in 1840 on gravel stones at Old Ford, Middlesex, who supposed them to be a fungus, *Craterium pyriforme*. In



A PHOTOMICROGRAPH OF THE LARVA OF *PETROBIA LAPIDUM* WHICH SHOWS THE THREE PAIRS OF LEGS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE LARVÆ OF THE ARACHNIDS.

This photomicrograph was taken of a larva just after it had emerged from the egg. It was then scarlet in colour, but in order to examine the detail structure, the colour was dissolved away. The mouth parts, collar trachea and setæ (hairs) are some of the characters used for classification. The larva measures  $\frac{1}{100}$ th of an inch long by  $\frac{1}{150}$ th of an inch wide.



THE SOURCE OF "BLOOD FROM A STONE": A PHOTOMICROGRAPH OF THE EGGS OF *PETROBIA LAPIDUM* WHICH ARE DEAD-WHITE IN COLOUR AND HAVE A LID PATTERNED WITH RADIATING RIDGES AND AN OBTUSE CONE AT THE CENTRE. The eggs of *Petrobia lapidum* are deposited in cracks on stones and on the undersides of stones. They rarely occur singly, but usually in vast numbers together. The sculpturing of the lid is exquisite under the microscope. No other mite is known to produce eggs quite like this, all others being spherical or oval, which may account for their being so little known.

to irritation of the skin, such as *Sarcoptes scabiei*, and other mange mites attacking animals, and *Tyrophagus castellani*, and a number of species of biting mites such as *Bdellonyxus bacoti*. There are also those that attack and destroy man's food not only while it is growing, but also when it is being stored. On the other hand, many species are undoubtedly useful in helping to break down débris of all kinds, and are, in fact, scavengers, and although exceedingly small, they make up for this by their vast numbers. *Petrobia lapidum* is indigenous to this country. Its existence here has been known for over 100 years, and only on three occasions in the last thirty years have there been reports of its being a nuisance through its vast numbers. Presumably, therefore, it may be considered as neither very bad nor particularly good, but coming into the third of our classes, a sort of neutral. For example, Dr. A. M. Massee, of the East Malling Research Station, wrote in 1944: "It is curious that this mite should attack onion occasionally, but it is doubtful if it will become a serious pest, especially if the crop is not grown on the ground two seasons in succession." Coventry may therefore continue with a quiet mind, for although the boy who could produce blood from a stone was at one time thought to have unmasked a plague, it is really just another mite, one of the large group Arachnida (which includes also spiders and their like). And while we cannot be sure of the full extent of its activities, its main vice seems to be an occasional attack on onion seedlings.

FEATURING THE ANIMAL KINGDOM IN ALL  
ITS DIVERSITY: STUDIES OF WILD LIFE.



"I CAN'T SWALLOW THAT!": "ADELIE PENGUIN FEEDING A CHICK";  
BY ALFRED SAUNDERS—A PICTURE WHICH HAS THE ASPECT OF DRAMA.



ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR APPROACHING DANGER BUT CAPTURED BY THE CAMERA:  
"RHESUS-MONKEY"; BY OWEN MARTIN.



MAKING A PATTERN IN THE WATER WITH THE POWERFUL SIDE-STROKES OF ITS BODY:  
"SWIMMING GRASS-SNAKE"; BY HANS TRABER.



"IT IS A VERY GOOD HEIGHT INDEED!" SAID THE CATERPILLAR ANGRILY, REARING  
ITSELF UPRIGHT AS IT SPOKE": "CATERPILLAR OF THE PRIVET HAWK MOTH";  
BY S. C. BISSEROT AND L. H. NEWMAN'S NATURAL HISTORY PHOTOGRAPHIC AGENCY.

photographer's art. Although entries have come from all over the world, British photographers are well represented. During the course of the exhibition Walter E. Higham will show his colour film of Flamingoes in the Camargue and another of birds in Hungary. Peter Scott will show his film of his recent trip to the Antarctic and C. S. Webb his film of Wild Life in the Tropics. Captain C. W. R. Knight has arranged to show his film of Rural England made for the National Geographic Society of Washington, and other lecturers include G. Kenneth Whitehead on Deer, G. K. Yeates on birds in Iceland and Eric Hosking and Frances Pitt on British wild life. Anyone looking at the photograph of the Privet Hawk Moth caterpillar on this page will be reminded of the hookah-smoking caterpillar in "Alice in Wonderland," which was "exactly three inches high." The Adelie Penguin breeds at Cape Adare and in neighbouring areas of South Victoria Land. The Grass-snake is an expert swimmer and frogs form a large part of its diet.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

TWO of this week's novelists are French. If I were to describe Marcel Aymé, of "The Miraculous Barber" (Bodley Head; 9s. 6d.), as a kind of French Puck, the sophisticated might be apt to squirm—but why? Taken the right way it should sound attractive, and so it is. Lord, what fools these mortals be! M. Aymé has great fun with them; he shoots them chock full of little darts, from unexpected and fantastic angles, but he means them no harm at all. Often the satiric farce is really a grin of hate; this writer is enjoying himself, and likes nearly everyone. To say he feels for them profoundly would be too much—but how naïve to think that they require it! Their woes are specious, and their tragedies are fools' play, and that's the point.

For instance: in the first scene, M. Lasquin is dying at table, during a luncheon-party for his daughter, who has just returned from her wedding trip. He does it so discreetly that no one notices. Only the reader follows his experience, with a kindly interest unalloyed by pain. Why take it to heart, when even M. Lasquin was none the wiser?

The Lasquins are industrial magnates, placid and secure: so placidly secure that life cannot reach them. It is the heyday of the Popular Front and the sit-down strikes; but their cousin, Pontdebois, a Catholic novelist, whose chief delight it is to vex people, tries all in vain to cause the Lasquins a moment's worry. They are too stupid, he concludes disgustedly. All Mme. Lasquin thinks about is an anonymous letter, saying that her late husband had a mistress—a discovery which makes her "crimson with pride." She feels that "life has laid its predatory clutch upon her," and can't help boasting of it—but alas, the hearers take her up wrong, and try consolingly to prove that it is mere scandal. As for Pierre, her son-in-law, he longs for the revolution, so that he can give up being a magnate and devote himself to the running-track. Micheline, his lovely wife, is sighing for young Bernard Ancelot: while Bernard, conscious of inferior status, and blushing for the mad aestheticism of his own background, is pining modestly away between love and duty. The only character who gives a thought to France is a small insurance clerk, of infinite naivete and also completely crazed.

If the author has—to some extent—a mouthpiece, it is Chauvieux, Mme. Lasquin's brother. And he is fleetingly aware of depths: of something noble in the clerk's lunacy, and something grim beneath the workers' disquiet. But how preposterous to take a stand, when one sees through everything! I have left out the barber, and I think he ought to have been left out. He is a tiresome figment, Demos personified, directing ministers and ruling France from his little shop: a piece of fantasy that clashes with all the rest.

M. Simenon is back again with "Strange Inheritance" (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 9s. 6d.); but he is not quite the man we know, and were perhaps beginning to get rather tired of. Enough of stolid flesh and inarticulate crime; now we are to breathe a higher air, a waft of romance and poetry. The hero is a good young man, very shy and boyish, lonely and pure of heart. His father was a wandering conjurer; and Gilles has passed his childhood in the music-halls of northern Europe, remote from worldly ways, and steeped in his parents' love. Now they are both dead. And Gilles, a quaint and helpless young stowaway, is disembarking at their home town on All Souls' Eve.

Though he has never been in La Rochelle, he has been taught to think of it as the desired haven, as the very hearthstone of love and warmth. Yet he is shy of looking up his kin. But there is no need to, for the local worthies smell him out in a trice. To his own surprise, he is a notable; his uncle Octave left him an immense fortune—together with a private safe, which must not be forced, and of which the combination is unknown.

Soon Gilles begins to learn the meaning of this inheritance. His uncle wielded a monstrous power; he was not born among the notables, but clubbed his way in, by means now hidden in the safe. They all dreaded him, but now they think all is right; the safe can't be opened, and they trust to have the heir in their pockets.

So much for Gilles's dream of a desired haven. Such is the world of stay-at-homes.... But they are no less deceived in their opinion of the missing heir. With rock-like gentleness, he baffles their control—and takes them on single-handed, in the cause of Octave's persecuted young widow. This world of stay-at-homes is the familiar world of dour and inarticulate egoism. And the sky-blue theme has been imposed on it so precariously that the writer only just prevents his hero from becoming another Octave. It seems perverse to weary of his old line, and yet complain when he attempts something new; but all the same, I feel that sky-blue is not his colour.

"Tender Mercy," by Lenard Kaufman (Macmillan; 9s. 6d.), is a suspense novel of a poignant and simple kind. Sam and Alice Ballard have an idiot son. They are an elderly, attached couple, in good circumstances and with golden hearts, and Aaron is their sole cross. He is now twenty years of age, big and strong, as hard to manage as a giant baby; and though they love him they have no control over him. No one has, except Elizabeth Powell. And now they may be losing her; she took the job to send her husband to Arizona—he is a T.B. case—and he has now been discharged. Sam thinks he will be glad to stay with them, in comfort and idleness; Alice has convinced herself that they will both go. And then what will become of Aaron?

But it is worse than that. For Aaron's sake they must keep Elizabeth; to keep Elizabeth they must keep Rudy; and he sees it at once. And he proceeds to take cruel advantage of it. The simplicity of the dilemma is its great power. And the treatment is without a flaw until the last sentence, which implies an impossibility.

In "Ground for Suspicion," by Miles Burton (Collins; 8s. 6d.), the Desmond Merrions are "resting" at the seaside. They have chosen Shellmouth as a quiet place, and indeed its only trouble seems to be a patch of waste ground, which may be turned into a holiday camp. Ought not the Shellmouth Society to buy it up and prevent this outrage? An academic question, it appears, for they have no money. Then, in the midst of the discussion, the deaths begin. The first two look natural—to everyone but Desmond; of the third there can be no doubt. This is an admirable thriller.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## YALTA—AND THE CONSEQUENCES.

THE Teheran and Yalta Conferences between the Big Three—Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin—have not got a good name. That is to say, it is believed that Teheran, and particularly Yalta, "let Communism into Europe." It is further believed that, partly because he was already a sick man, President Roosevelt was mainly responsible for the attempts to "appease" Russia by sacrificing (against the better judgment of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden) the London Poles and the London Yugoslavs to their Communist enemies, and that it was only due to the determination of the British representatives that the Greeks did not go the same way. To both these views I subscribe. And I am only a little shaken in them by the admirable special pleading of one whose judgment I respect, Mr. Edward R. Stettinius, Jnr., in "Roosevelt and the Russians" (Jonathan Cape; 16s.). Mr. Stettinius—in the American manner—had a meteoric career via General Motors, and as Lend-Lease Administrator (in which capacity he earned our great gratitude), becoming Secretary of State at the key period when post-war problems were already taking their ugly future shape. Like many others who came in contact with him, he was greatly influenced by the President's personal charm and mental attraction. But he remained clear-headed, so that his picture of the Yalta Conference is a model of quiet detachment.

The sober picture he gives of the conference—only occasionally highlighted with some "scene," such as Mr. Churchill's admirable explosion when it was proposed to put the British colonies in the trusteeship pool—is of great interest to the general reader and will provide valuable raw material for the historian of the future. It is curious and saddening to think that it is only such a comparatively short while since the great leaders could, whatever their differences, discuss them quietly and in conference. The self-created isolation into which Russia has now again withdrawn was undoubtedly broken down in these wartime meetings—though the extent to which, even so, Russia was ill-informed about the West can be judged from this odd sentence: "Marshal Stalin remarked that he did not believe the Labour party would ever form a Government in Great Britain."

Mr. Stettinius believes that President Roosevelt was "well aware of the state of Soviet society," but that he and the Prime Minister had to make the attempt to work with the Russians—if only to demonstrate how impossible the Russians were. That may be so, and it is of course easy to be wise after the event. But it will remain one of the great "ifs" of history; what would have been the shape of Eastern Europe and the world if the President had been tougher with the Marshal. This is a book which you should certainly read.

I am in two minds whether to recommend Mr. Howard K. Smith's "The State of Europe" (Cresset Press; 15s.). Mr. Smith is a distinguished American correspondent, the author of a first-class book on pre-war Germany and, like his other top-rank colleagues, intelligent, ubiquitous—and naïve. So much of this book is excellent that I am concerned lest my judgment should be biased against it by the passages—and sometimes whole chapters—which are wrong-headed to the point of being silly. Mr. Smith is an excellent reporter, and like many first-class reporters, monumentally lacks judgment. The good newsman does not necessarily make the sound viewsman. The chapter on Greece, for instance, in which E.A.M.—responsible for the appalling massacre of thousands of innocent hostages—is by inference described as a "middle-way and democratic force," will shake any with a knowledge of Greek affairs. The description of the Socialist Government's achievements might have been taken *en bloc* from a Transport House hand-out. And what in the name of goodness and President Truman's English is one to make of this—Mr. Smith's solution for Europe's troubles? "They [the changes] would involve an integration of planned economies operating in obedience to the incentives of the people's welfare and not to the workings of the profit-motive of the market." Some kind friend should take Mr. Smith on one side and tell him that even the Fabian Society has largely abandoned that sort of economic jabberwocky.

However, there is so much that is readable that you should get it and decide for yourself. But not unless—as a corrective—you also get "Must Night Fall?" by Major Tufton Beamish, M.P. (Hollis and Carter; 12s. 6d.). This able young Member of Parliament has travelled widely since the war in the countries—Poland, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria—which have been the principal victims of Iron Curtain policies. He analyses the methods by which the Communist puppets of Soviet Russia gained power, the gulling, bullying and final liquidation of the Social Democrats (whom Mr. Smith would have us all resemble) and the political, military and economic structure of the Iron Curtain countries. Throughout he is oppressed by the appalling threat to the free, Christian way of life represented by the Communist menace—a threat which he believes can only be contained by constant vigilance and adequate armed strength.

To reinforce his arguments, and as another antidote to the naïvetés of Mr. Smith, there is "News from Soviet Germany," by Fritz Löwenthal (Gollancz; 18s.). This is by a German Communist, long exiled in Russia and appointed by the Russians to high office in the Soviet régime in Eastern Germany. The author was gradually so horrified by what he saw, the brutalities and mass rapine of the Red Armies, the elevation of ordinary criminals everywhere to high judicial and police posts, the wholesale corruption, delation and denial of the simplest forms of justice, that he finally fled to the West. This is a book which might be called a footnote to Kravchenko—a vivid, factual, terrifying footnote. I should have liked to devote a whole article to "Account Settled," by Dr. Hjalmar Schacht (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 15s.), as a study (though this was not the author's intention) of how a country and an individual lose their souls under a totalitarian régime. This *apologia pro vita sua* is fascinating to all those who knew Germany and Dr. Schacht before the war—at a time when, according to the ex-"Financial Wizard of the Nazi Régime," he was conducting a silent (too silent?) but steady war against Hitler. H'm! Dr. Schacht may feel that he has settled an account with Hitler. He still hasn't settled my mind about Dr. Schacht.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

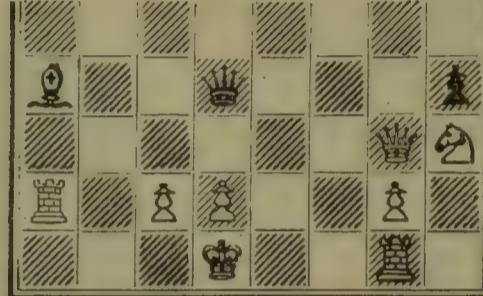
## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

## "DESPERADOES" IN CHESS.

IT has forcibly impressed me, whilst watching a number of casual games recently, how few players realise the danger of creating "desperadoes" by setting up cross-threats. In fact, "cross-threat" and "desperado" are terms often unknown among players who have prattled of "Gioco Pianos," "forks" and "pins" for years. Who is this "desperado" come to disturb their peace? Let me explain.

BLACK.



WHITE.

The diagram shows a part only of the total battlefield, and I ask you to imagine that the rest of the board contains men which even-up the material without affecting the play we are about to see. Black has just moved 1...P-R5, attacking the white queen. The obvious thing for White now is to move this queen. But he thinks a bit longer and decides instead to counter-attack Black's queen by 2. P-B3. I write "counter-attack," but this term being better applied to offensive action by a player who has been on the defensive—which can be perfectly sound—the better term is "cross-threat"; "cross-threats" are almost invariably bad.

## NO RISE IN BLOOD-PRESSURE.

Often in practice, even in tough League play—yes, I have watched it!—neither White nor Black sees anything in a move like 2. P-B3 but a friendly "tit-for-tat." Nine times out of ten there is no rise in blood-pressure on either side; the play goes on placidly, 2...P×Q; 3. P×Q, or, 2...Queen moves from attack; 3. Queen moves from attack, and the players finish their game and go home without realising that for an instant the whole situation was charged with dynamite and that White could have been blown sky-high.

The point is that, after 2. P-B3, Black's queen immediately becomes a desperado whose life is worth whatever it can purchase. For one move only, Black has a luxurious choice. He can play P×Q at once, he has also the delicious option of playing it later on *as long as he gives White no chance to retire his queen out of danger in the meantime*.

Black could play 2...Q×QPch. Suicide? Well, it is only the suicide of a person condemned to death....

3. K×Q, P×Q... and by her reckless bravery, so typical of a desperado, the black queen has, in the final reckoning, won her side a pawn.

Even better is 2...Q×Bch; 3. R×Q, P×Q, winning a bishop; best of all is 2...Q×Rch; 3. Kt×Q, P×Q, winning a rook.

Examples of such play in master games are not common, because the master in the course of his hard schooling learns to regard cross-threats with a jaundiced eye, and to make perfectly sure that if he ever answers threat by threat he does not create a dangerous desperado. To do so is not merely to invite difficulties—it is usually to lose outright. Just because it is so infrequent in the master-games which are the cynosure of all eyes, the theme has remained unknown and unexploited among millions of club and league players and I am sure that if you, dear reader, examine the above play and take the trouble to comprehend it perfectly, you will not have to wait very long for an opportunity to win a game this way.

criminals everywhere to high judicial and police posts, the wholesale corruption, delation and denial of the simplest forms of justice, that he finally fled to the West. This is a book which might be called a footnote to Kravchenko—a vivid, factual, terrifying footnote.

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E. D. O'BRIEN.

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## Mould

Penicillin, exclusively British in its discovery and development, is recognised throughout the world as one of the greatest scientific achievements of all time. Its discovery in 1929 and its name were due to Professor (now Sir) Alexander Fleming of St. Mary's Hospital, London. The isolation of penicillin and its development as a practical weapon in the fight against disease was due to a team of research workers in Oxford led by Dr. (now Sir) Howard Florey and Dr. E. Chain. Penicillin, product of a simple mould, possesses astonishing bacteria-killing properties. Carried by the blood to all parts of the body, it attacks bacteria wherever they are established. Unlike so many other drugs, penicillin is not poisonous. Hence, it can be used by doctors and surgeons without any fear of an overdose proving harmful to the patient.

Early research on penicillin was attended by great difficulties. At first it was only possible to produce minute quantities from the mould (*Penicillium notatum*) and the substance was easily destroyed by heat, acids, enzymes and air-borne bacteria. Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd. was the first industrial concern in Britain to make substantial quantities for chemical and biological investigation. The crude, unstable material then produced has since been superseded by an almost pure substance. Penicillin of I.C.I.'s manufacture is now a white crystalline product of known composition, which retains its activity for three years in all climates.



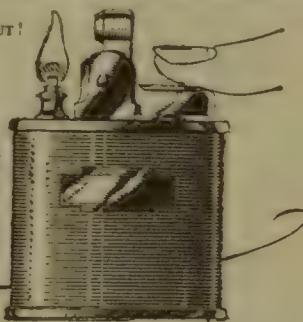
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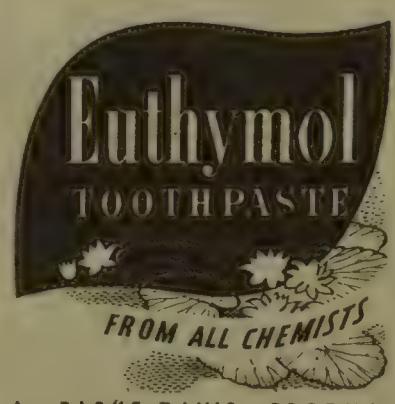


- ★ Look for the mark on the cloth
- ★ Look for the label on the garment

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"They say that the First Baronet is observed from time to time, clad in a suit of mail and drinking from his helmet."

"No good. My sleep was disturbed by a man in a blue serge suit and brown boots. Somehow I got the impression he was an income

tax collector."

"Clear as lamp-light, my dear fellow. Instinct tells me that a night-cap of gin and Rose's Lime Juice, in the correct psychic proportion, would have exorcised the phantom."

"Supernatural intelligence! Tonight I shall rely on gin and Rose's to ward off evil spirits and ensure a remorseless reawakening."

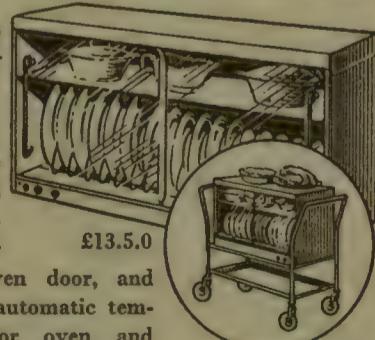
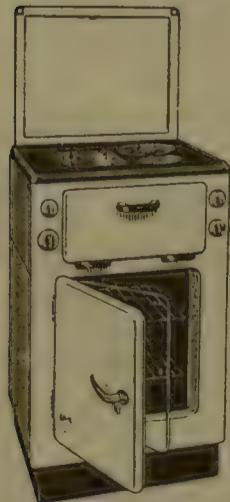
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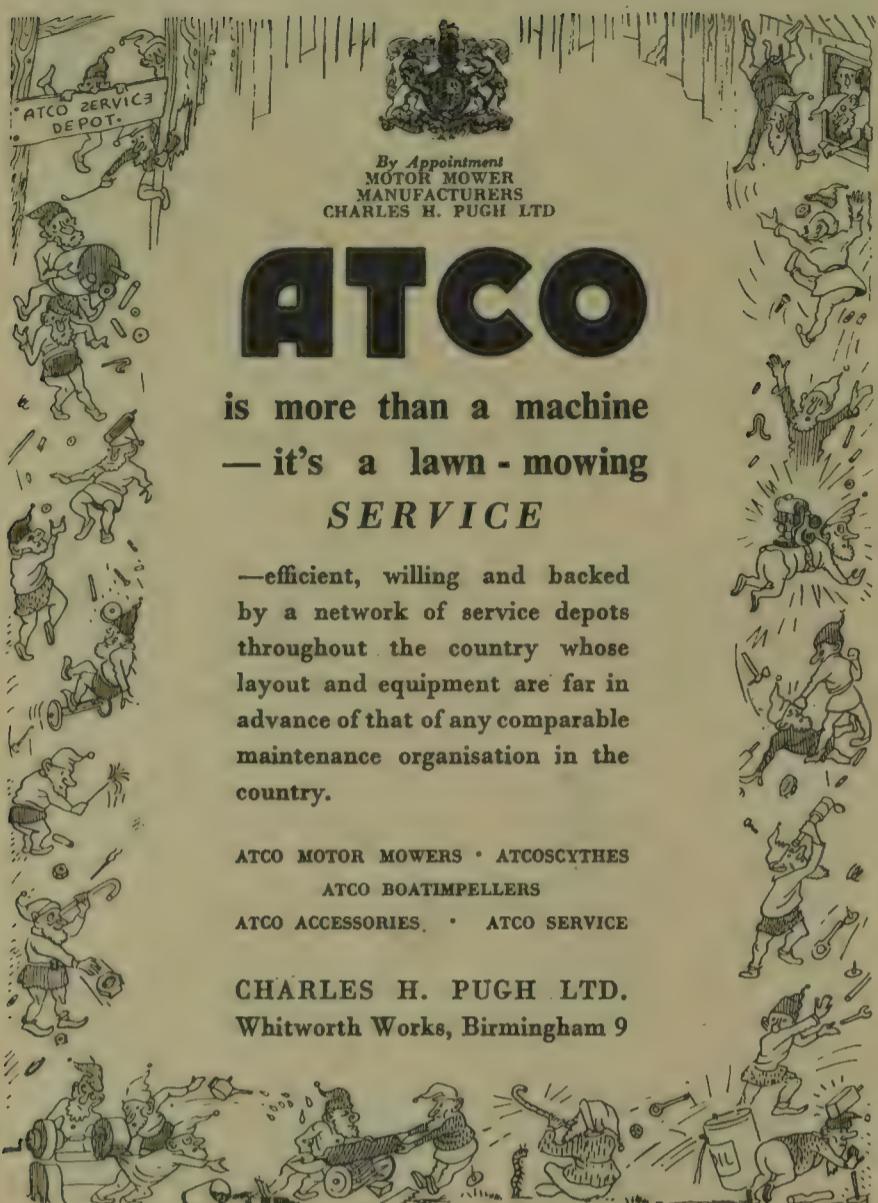
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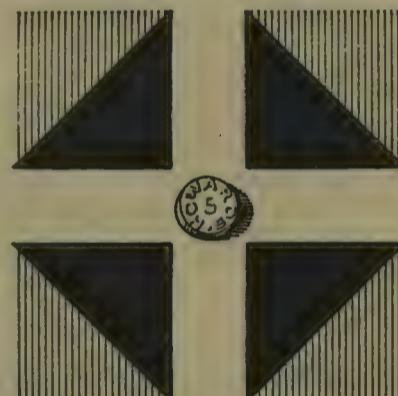
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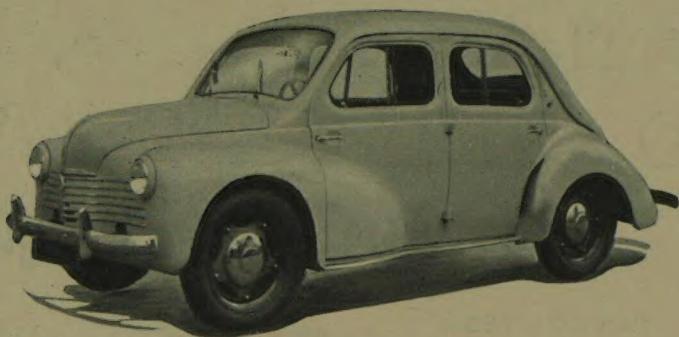


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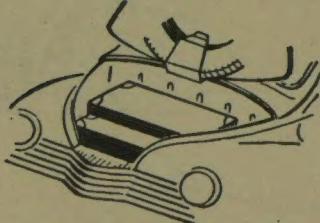
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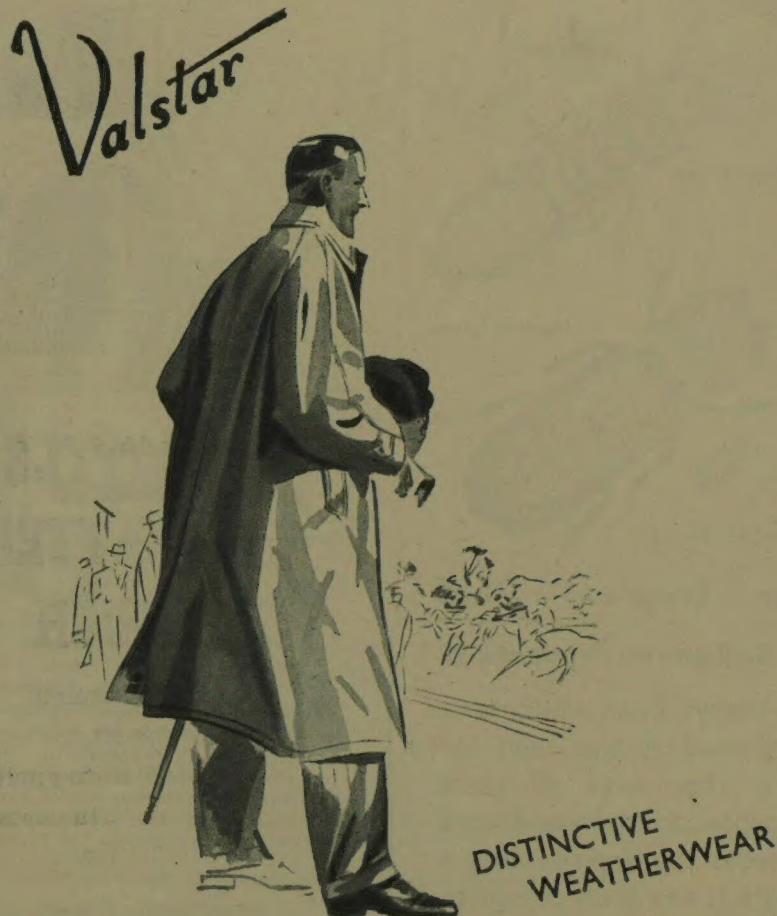
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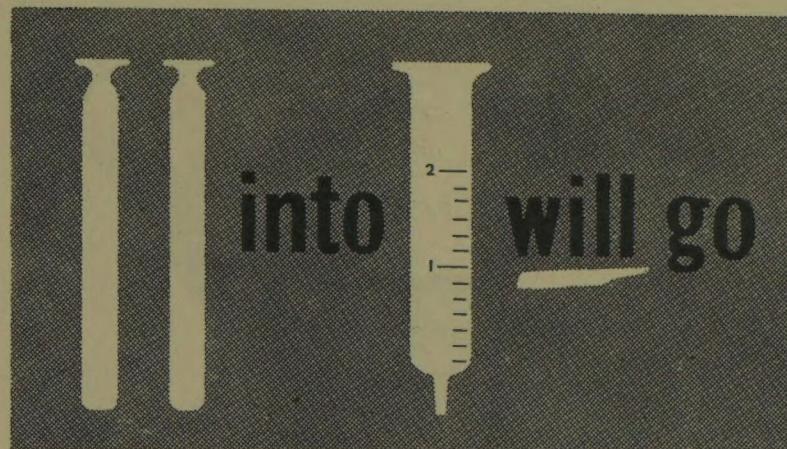


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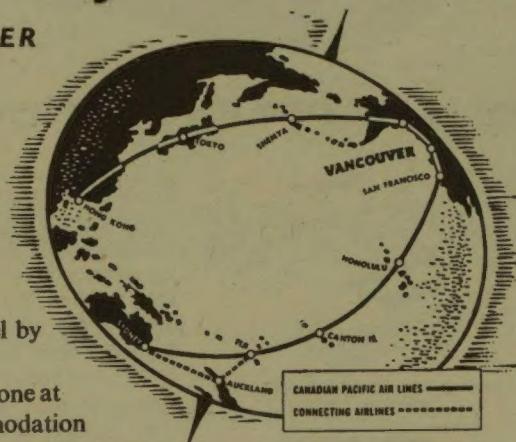
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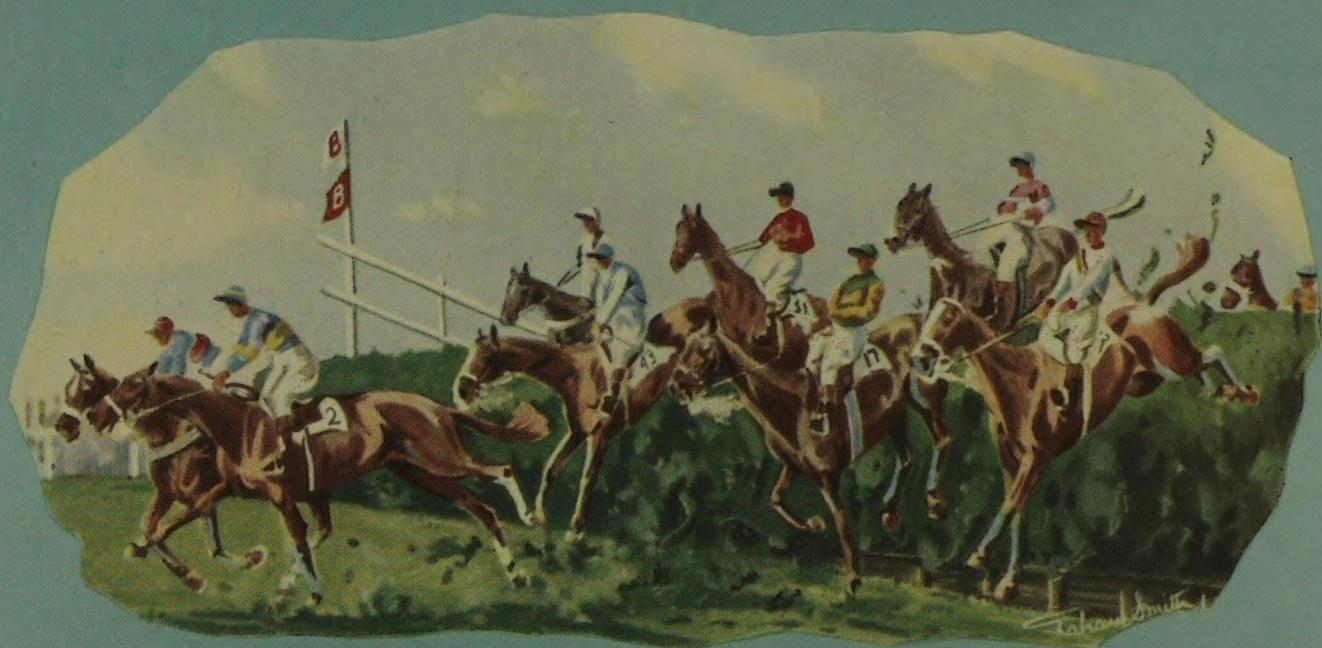
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